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THE FOOTE FAMILY

MEMORIES AND TRADITIONS

BY

MARY LOUISA FOOTE

1847968

F O R E W O R D

"The Foote Family - Memories and Traditions" was written by Mary Louisa Foote before her death early in 1947. She was always known to all her relatives and friends as "Lulu". She was fond of books and spent many years as librarian in Johnstown. During this time by diligent research she discovered facts and letters which she has used, not only in producing a history of the Foote family but in portraying vividly the life in these United States from the "early sixteen hundreds". As a result this volume has wider than family interest. This copy is dedicated in loving memory of her by the large number of living relatives.

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FOOTE COAT OF ARMS

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CHAPTER I

Nathaniel Foote, the Settler

In the early Sixteen Hundreds, America was a new and an almost unknown land. Throughout Europe, everywhere, thoughtful men were stirred by tales of it, and yearned to know more. Among the Englishmen who absorbed with eagerness every account of it which came their way, and longed for the great adventure of seeing and settling in this new land, was Nathaniel Foote, a grocer, in the ancient city of Colchester, Essex Shire, near the east coast of England.

In 1633 his dream came true. He left his comfortable home and his native city with its cathedral church and Norman Castle. With his wife, Elizabeth Deming, their sons Nathaniel and Robert, and four daughters, he sailed for the New World.

They settled in the part of Massachusetts Bay Colony called Watertown, and the same year his name appears in the records when he took the oath of freeman. Two years later he had joined the group who were resolved to leave the jurisdiction of Massachusetts for lands "further west" where they might "better maintain their ministers and find larger accommodations for their cattle, and welcome more of their friends from England", who were suffering for the faith.

They traveled one hundred miles through the primeval forest, with nothing more than Indian trails to guide them, until they reached the Connecticut River at the bend forty miles from its mouth. To this spot had previously come a few men from Plymouth Colony, in a sailing vessel around Cape Cod into Long Island Sound and up the "Fresh River", to establish a post for fur trading with the Indians.

To this little company after their toilsome journey the land seemed fertile, the river beautiful, and the place desirable for the first of the many "sweet towns" planted in the river valley. Land was purchased from the Indians and the work of building began. It was called Wethersfield, from the English village of that name which had been the home of some members of the company. The name of Nathaniel Foote is found in its first records, and among those to whom the first distribution of land was made. He and his family must have shared all the dangers and hardships of the first winter, when cold and famine almost drove them back to Massachusetts.

One cannot but wonder about this forest journey. How were the women and little children able to undertake it? And how about the household goods they must have? Was it possible that some came by water as the men from Plymouth had done before them? And could not the necessary things be brought from New Amsterdam (New York) easier than from Boston?

We know from the papers of Governor Winthrop that the Rev. Thomas Hooker and the most of his congregation, settled at New Town (Cambridge), left on June 30, 1636, to settle on lands beyond the jurisdiction of Massachusetts Bay Colony. They had come as a company from England and Mr. Hooker had lost favor with the Governor and his associates because he openly criticised their policy of allowing only freemen who owned stock in the Company and were members of the Puritan Church "in good standing" to vote or hold office. Hooker thought that all freemen should have the right to vote.

We are told that they drove with them 160 cattle, and fed of the milk on the way; that they had to ford streams and work their way through swamps and thickets; and that the Indians gave them food and helped them on their way. Most of them walked, including the women and children. Mrs. Hooker was carried in a horse litter. When they reached the Connecticut Valley they were joyfully greeted by friends who had made the journey before them. They settled the city of Hartford, which is little more than three miles from Wethersfield, and it may well have been that the friends who welcomed them were of the party to which Nathaniel Foote belonged.

In Wethersfield there was assigned to Nathaniel Foote a house lot of ten acres on the east side of Broad Street, and he became the owner of several other tracts of land, until he had more than four hundred acres. The cultivation of his land was his chief business.

Soon, under the leadership of Thomas Hooker, the people of Hartford, Windsor and Wethersfield joined to lay the foundation of a Commonwealth in which "the equal rights of all men shall be recognized and guarded." Their aim was "to maintain and preserve the liberty and purity of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ". Hartford was made the seat of government and a General Court was organized which should be the governing body, the delegates being elected by the people.

Nathaniel Foote did not have many years to enjoy this prosperous, pleasant life, for he died in 1644 at the age of fifty-one. In that same year he had been elected a Delegate to the General Court. He must have known how much his family needed him, and may have felt that his great adventure was a failure. But he could have had no conception of the family he was founding in America, with representatives in every state from ocean to ocean; nor the great work he helped to accomplish in establishing a Commonwealth in which the government was "for the people and by the people" with religion and education taking leading parts.

Nathaniel Foote left no will. A "Particular Court" in Hartford acted on the inventory of his estate, granting administration and directing a distribution to be made. In these papers the name is written "Ffoote".

A fifth daughter had been born since their coming to America and the two eldest daughters, Elizabeth and Mary, were married and living in Wethersfield. With the mother in her home at this time were Nathaniel, age twenty-four; Robert, seventeen; and three daughters, Frances, Sarah and Rebecca, aged fifteen, twelve and ten years. Elizabeth Foote married again, Thomas Welles, Magistrate, afterwards Governor of the Colony. She also

survived him, and in his will, dated 1660, he leaves to her the use of his whole estate "that she may keep the better hospitality". It then goes back to the Welles family. She lived to be eighty-eight years of age, and in her will, distribution of property is made to her children and grandchildren.

In no part of New England were the Indians as numerous in proportion to the territory as in this river valley. They were not unfriendly to the white settlers, but the Pequods, on the Mystic River, claimed the rights of conquest over these tribes of Indians, and were hostile to the whites. Very early the Indian Wars started and lasted long. Robert Foote was Lieutenant in the militia which was first organized by the settlers.

Several new settlements were started from time to time by people from Wethersfield, and Robert, from whom our branch of the family is descended, went to Branford near Long Island Sound. He married there, in 1659, Sarah Potter of New Haven. They raised a family of eight children. Their second son and fourth child was Joseph, born March 6, 1666. He was Captain in the militia of Branford, and was the father of seven sons. The youngest son was Ichabod by a second marriage to Sarah Rose of Branford.

Ichabod Foote studied medicine and practised in North Branford. He was the father of eleven children: four sons and two daughters by a first marriage to Hannah Harrison of Branford; and three sons and two daughters by a second marriage to Damaris Finch, daughter of Daniel Finch of East Haven, Connecticut. The youngest son was Jesse, my Great-Grandfather. Dr. Ichabod Foote died September 11, 1773, at the age of sixty-one years.

These three generations of our ancesters -- Lieutenant Robert, Captain Joseph, and Dr. Ichabod Foote -- lived at Branford.

CHAPTER II

Jesse Foote, American Soldier

Jesse, the youngest son of Dr. Ichabod and Damaris Foote was fifteen years old when his father died in 1773. His sister Hannah, was thirteen. Whether Jesse lived at Waterbury or Branford, I do not know, for his mother married again, Ebenezer Warner of Waterbury. When Jesse was old enough, he was bound out as an apprentice to a blacksmith. He was seventeen years of age when the Revolutionary War started and he enlisted early and served as a private.

In his war record from the Bureau of Pensions, Washington, D. C. his place of residence is given as Colchester, Connecticut. The date of his enlistment is August 1777, at the age of nineteen years. He served three years and his rank is given as Artificer. He helped forge the chain which was stretched across the Hudson river to keep the British ships from passing.* The officers under whom he served were Colonel Baldwin and Captain Osborn of the Connecticut Line. Another record is "Jesse Foote acted as private during the eight years of the Revolutionary War, entering the Army at seventeen years of age." He was in General Putnam's (Regiment) Division. It is evident that he served both in Connecticut and New York.

At the age of nineteen he married Rachel Benedict, daughter of Jabez Benedict of Danbury, Connecticut. From the dates in the first Foote Genealogy (1849) there must have been three children: Anne, and the twins Jabez and Ruth.

At the close of the war, after eight years of soldiering, he came with his family and household goods, by ox-team from the settled state of Connecticut, to the wilderness of Central New York, to start life anew and rear his family. The farm was in one of the poorest sections of the state, two miles west of the village of Mayfield, in what is now Fulton County. They must have passed the stone church at Tarrytown, since associated with Washington Irving; up the Albany Post road and undoubtedly thru Johnstown, the town in the wilderness, which during the fifteen years previous to the Revolution had been built by Sir William Johnson on his Kingsborough Patent of twenty-six thousand acres, and thru his influence had become the County Seat of Tryon County. (that county taken from Albany county and comprising the entire western part of New York Province.)

* The forge which he used was long a relic in the family but has been lost, though Father tried many years ago to trace it. A portion of this chain is now in the State Education Building at Albany. Years ago I saw this heavy-linked chain lying on the floor in a room of the State Capitol Building. I think it must have been under the main stairway. The apartment seemed quite spacious and the chain was curled so that it nearly covered the floor. After the fire in the Capitol the chain could not be seen for several years. Now a few links of it are fastened to the wall in the main hall of the State Education Building.

It is hardly possible to write of this section of New York State without telling of Sir William Johnson. He was the latest and most important of the three colonists to receive titles into the British Peerage, and the only one to be hereditary. He was the only British colonist to receive extensive grants of land directly from the King, and not through the Colonial governments. This was because of his great influence over the Indians and his being able to hold them to the side of the British in the struggle between the French and English for the possession of the Continent, known as the French and Indian War.

His home at Johnstown brought this little frontier settlement into great prominence in the latter days of the Colony and gave the little town he founded a unique position among all the settlements of the Country.

William Johnson came from Ireland to the Mohawk Valley in 1788, at the age of twenty-three, to superintend the care of a large estate belonging to his uncle, Admiral Peter Warren of the British Navy, who lived in New York City. Admiral Peter Warren at an earlier date had successfully led the English squadron in the capture of Louisberg, Caper Breton Island, from the French and was highly regarded by the British government. Johnson handled this estate to the great advantage of his uncle, selling it in farms to settlers. At the same time he was buying for himself, land near where the City of Amsterdam now is, on the north bank of the Mohawk, and bringing settlers from his old home in Ireland. He learned the Iroquois languages as few white men ever did; and he was able through the years to protect the rights of the Indians through the government at Albany from many unfair practices. Soon he was a commanding figure in colonial life.

During the French and Indian War he won the battles of Lake George and Niagra with his Indians and some French soldiers, and these vistories broke the chain of French forts from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi. For this he was raised to the rank of Baronet.

It was at the close of the war in 1760 that he turned his personal attention to founding a town at the little Indian settlement of Kolaneka, and named it John's Town for his son and heir John Johnson.

Johnstown was unique among the early villages of New York for being a planned town with the streets crossing at right angles, east and west, north and south, four streets each way which were bordered with trees. A Court House for the new County of Tryon was built in the centre of the town, of red imported brick, and said to be copied from one built by Sir Christopher Wren. At the junction of the most eastern and southern streets a stone fort was built. Since the Revolution it was used as a jail and today both of these buildings are still in use.

Sir William built a stone Episcopal Church for the settlers and Indians which has twice been replaced. On the same hill where the jail stands, the Baronet built a Rectory and set aside fifty acres of land for a Glebe for his church. His beautiful Manor House was built nearly a mile from the center of the town on a hill to the southwest. A stream flowed at the base of the hill where he had a saw-mill, which furnished the lumber

for the various houses and other buildings which he erected. The Manor House is now owned by the State of New York and maintained by the Education Department of New York State. It is the only Baronial Mansion in the United States. He also established the first free school in the New York Province. He brought to the colony some two hundred Scotch Highlanders who were glad to emigrate to a new country. They built homes for themselves and cultivated their lands and furnished many of the supplies for Sir William's table.

Sir William's death came suddenly on July 11, 1774 and the "Father of Six Nations" was laid to rest. The best friend the Indians had was gone. In spite of the favors he received from the King, there is reason to believe from his letters, that had he lived until the Revolution, his sympathies would have been with the Colonists. Certainly the Border Wars, could not have been, as they were, the worst fighting of the war.

John, the Tory son, inherited his father's title in 1774, but his conduct was such during the war, that he had to flee to Canada. He took with him most of the Tory families and the Indians and Highlanders of this locality. At the close of the war the extensive lands of the Johnson family were confiscated to the State of New York and opened up for settlement. The reign of the Baronets was ended.

It was to occupy these partly cultivated lands deserted by the Highlanders and Tories with their cabins and barns, and cleared fields that the settlers began to pour in from New England, chiefly from the region about Hartford. The New England soldiers who had fought in the Battle of Saratoga had learned of the half cleared farms in Kingsborough. The news spread to the crowded and land-hungry farmers of hilly Connecticut and an emigration began that lasted nearly a decade. To early New Englanders the "Mohawk Valley" was the luring West.

So Jesse Foote and his family were making their way by ox-team to one of the poorest sections of this vast estate, a farm at the foot of the Mayfield mountains. The farm was sandy and stoney and we have wondered why he should have left Connecticut after the War crossed that beautiful section of New England, traveled up the lovely Hudson and Mohawk Valleys to settle in this barren and hard country. The only answer has been that he was young and poor and had to go where he could buy.

There is a tradition in the family that his destination was Whitesboro, (near Utica) which belonged to the Royal Grants given by King George II to Sir William after the French and Indian War, but that he was turned aside in his purpose by homeseekers whom he met on the way. There is also a story often told, that among his descendents are those who have wished that the oxen had died on their way up the Hudson so that he had not been able to go further.

Their home had to be built after they arrived. It was some distance from the road and an apple orchard was planted in front of it to the north for protection from the cold winds. The house was reached by a lane west of the orchard. There were large butternut trees near by, and a barn which was in use many years after the house was taken down. I know there were roses around it, for when our home in Johnstown was first built and the

yard planted to shrubs and flowers Father brought from the old cellar a number of Blush rose bushes which are still growing and blossoming after all these years.

In this house with the passing of the years, four more children were born to them. Charity, Damaris, Jesse Finch and Hannah. Charity died at 26, Damaris married John Sands and moved to Jefferson County, New York. Jesse Finch Foote, (who was my grandfather) was born August 11, 1788. The middle name Finch, was from his maternal grandmother, Damaris Finch of East Haven, Connecticut and Hannah, the youngest, died at 20.

They were Episcopalians and drove the eight miles to the church in Johnstown, founded by Sir William in 1762. Jesse Foote must have been an active member for many years and probably a Vestryman, as remembered by his grandsons. There are no records of the first church which was used until 1771, when it was taken down and the stone laid into a wall, which surrounds what is now called "The Colonial Cemetery".

A larger, better church was opened in 1772, facing Church Street, which was probably the entrance to the church from both William and Market Streets near Main. A fine bell and organ were presented by Sir William. It was at this time that the Rectory was built and there were reported two-hundred and fifty communicants. While Sir William lived there were two Rectors, Reverend Richard Mosely and Reverend John Stuart, each serving for two years, the latter coming the year Sir William died and resigning with the outbreak of the Revolution. In the following years the church was twice reorganized.

It was to this church that Great-Grandfather Jesse Foote came. In an old book in the Court House at Johnstown, called "Church Records 1801-1838" is the following on page 4:

"The Rector, Wardens and Vestrymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Village of Johnstown.

We, James Warren, Church Warden, and William Eagan and Nicholas Philpot, two other persons attending a meeting of the members of the Said Church, meet in pursuance of notice duly given for the purpose of choosing two Church Wardens and eight Vestrymen of Said Church and at said meeting Joseph Newton and William Eagan were duly by a Majority of Voices, chosen Wardens of Said Church.

And James Burk, Abijah Lobdell, Jesse Foot, Spencer Philpot, Nicholas Philpot, Robert Mitchell, Henry F. Yates, and Caleb Johnson were by a Majority of Voices chosen Vestrymen of Said Church, and at the same time, it was further determined that the time of the Annual Election of the Successors of Said Warden and Vestrymen shall be on Monday in Easter week in every year hereafter. And that the Stile of Said Church Shall be "The Rector, Wardens, and Vestrymen of Said Church in the Village of Johnstown", given under hands and Seals the fourteenth day of April in the year 1806".

James Warren (seal) Wm. Eagan (seal) Nichs. Philpot (seal)
Signed and Sealed in presence of M. B. Hildreth, Jno. Mccarthy
Recorded the Sixteenth day of April in the year of our Lord 1806.
By me Henry F. Yates, Clerk

It has been my pleasure to examine the early church records through the courtesy of the present rector, Reverend Roscoe C. Hatch. The very first records are lost; but under date: "Easter Monday 3 of April 1809" almost at the beginning of the book is the following: "This being the day for the annual election of church wardens and vestrymen of St. John's Church in the village of Johnstown, respectable number of the congregation met and made choice of the following: Two Wardens, Eight Vestrymen. The vestry then agreeable to previous notice, sold the following pews and seats at public sale for one year, the following being the number sold and to whom, and the total amount of sale, viz:

No. 10 Jesse Foot 5-00"

Under the date "Easter Monday April 15th, 1811" is the following after the sale of pews: "And in consequence of a communication from the Rt. Rev. Bishop, Mr. Eagan and Philpot were appointed delegates to attend the convention the 2d. Tuesday in May in the City of New York.

Jonathan Judd, Rector
Joseph Newton - Ser. Warden
Nichs. Philpot - Jr. "
William Eagan of Vestry
Jesse Foote
Cornelius Van Buren
Alinos Mathews "

Jesse Foote was a regular purchaser of a pew on Easter Monday, sometimes alone, sometimes with Alinos Mathews, paying from $5.00 to $8.00.

The mother, Rachel (Benedict) Foote, died in 1803, forty-nine years old, when Hannah, the youngest child, was twelve years old, and Jesse Finch, the next older, was fifteen. The next year Jesse Foote chose a second wife from Connecticut, Elizabeth Taylor of Danbury, a friend of long-standing and a very estimable women. There were frequent letters and visits between the friends in Connecticut and these immigrants to the central part of New York State.

From occasional church records; dates and facts in the genealogies, and from family stories which have come down to us, it is possible to picture something of what their lives must have been. Anna Foote, the eldest daughter, married at twenty-three and settled at Mayfield. This was two years before the death of her mother. Her husband died and they had no children. In later years she came home to live with her father and care for her stepmother, who had a broken hip. She was always called Aunt Anna Tucker.

Her brother, Jabez, married Ann Carey of Salisbury, Connecticut. Their home was on the north road going toward the Mayfield Mountains. I knew their two daughters as elderly women, Nancy and Mary Ann. It was Mary Ann who once told me, in speaking of her grandfather, Jesse Foote: "He was a large man, larger and handsomer than any of his grandsons, and oh! how he could sing." Nancy was a teacher. They each married widowers with families. Nancy's home was between Gloversville and Johnstown where they owned an immense sandbank which reached to the road and was used for building purposes by both cities. Her name was Hulbert. Mary Ann married Richard McAllister, and he owned a double house on the southwest corner of William and Montgomery

Streets, Johnstown. Two of Mr. McAllister's daughters were always friends of our family. I have two pretty silver teaspoons marked "A.F.", purchased by Aunt Ann (Carey) Foote from a tin-peddler. The spoons were given me by Mrs. McAllister.

We may think of Ruth, the twin of Jabez, as a capable member of the family with many responsibilities. She was twenty-four years old when her mother died, and in the remaining seventeen years of her life there occurred her father's re-marriage; the death of her sister Charity in 1810, the first of the children born in New York State; and the following year, the death of Hannah at the age of twenty. This was followed in 1817 by the marriage of her younger brother, Jesse Finch, who was my grandfather, and his bringing his bride to his father's home until their own house was built, the house which I have described. They were not much more than settled in the new house when Ruth* died and Anna came back to the old home to take care of her father.

There is a little story told in connection with the romance of Jesse Finch Foote. For six years after the death of Hannah, the family consisted of the father and stepmother, Ruth and Jesse Finch. She was nine years his senior. He was twenty-eight when one summer day in 1816 he was riding on horseback to Kingsboro and, as he turned into Phelps Street, he met a young girl walking along the tree-shaded road -- a pretty girl of seventeen. She was Angelica Van Buren, daughter of Barent and Grace (Denison) Van Buren, who with her parents, five brothers and a younger sister had recently moved into the neighborhood. It was a case of love at first sight for each of them and, after an ardent courtship of about a year, they were married. It was on October 14, 1817, a beautiful autumn day, when she was eighteen and he, twenty-nine. The marriage was out-of-doors and was without much preparation, for her family had decided to try their fortune on new lands at Gouverneur, New York, and they were preparing for the journey. Angelica chose to remain with the husband of her choice. Years later, when Grandmother Angelica, long a widow, was being driven home from Kingsboro by two young grand-daughters, she pointed out to them the place where she had first seen their grandfather riding on horseback under the trees.

* In the records of St. John's Church is given the baptism of a young daughter of Alinos Mathews, with whom they shared a seat. The name is Ruth Foote.

CHAPTER III

The Van Burens

In the early part of the seventeenth century surnames were seldom used, especially among the Dutch. The English people in America were adopting the custom and gradually the Dutch followed suit, often choosing as a surname the name of the town or locality from which they had emigrated. Killian Van Rensselaer, a merchant of Holland and one of the Dutch Patroons, had purchased from the Indians an extensive tract of land around Fort Orange or Albany, which he called Rensselaerwyck. To provide settlers, shiploads of colonists came from Holland. In 1631 in the ship d'Endracht came a young man who called himself Cornelis Maesen, meaning Cornelis, son of Maes; he came from Buurlansen, a small village in Gilderland near Buren, a few miles from the Rhine. He took up land and remained three years. Then he went back to Holland, married, and returned to America. In a letter to his agent, the Patroon writes: "These two farmers who have been very helpful to me, viz. Cornelis Maesen and Symon Walrich, you will give a fair choice of the men who are coming but in such a way that they do not select all the best men, for others must have something too."

Both Cornelis and his wife died in 1648 and it is recorded that they were buried on the same day, leaving six children. It was their son, Martin, who first took the name of Van Buren. He and his wife were members of the Dutch Church in Albany in 1683. This was the second Dutch church in New York Province. In 1700 he was captain in a military company commanded by Colonel Peter Schuyler.

In the next generation was Pieter M., prominent in the life of Albany and Kinderhook. In each of these generations there were nine children. The fourth generation was Barent, born in 1695, who married Maria Winne, daughter of Franz and Elsie (Gansvoort) Winne. In this family there were four sons and four daughters.

Harmon Van Buren, the seventh child of this family, became the grandfather of Angelica Van Buren -- my grandmother. Harmon and his brother Francis, the fourth child, were closely associated in later life, for they came with their families to live in the vicinity of Mayfield, then called Caughnawaga Township, Montgomery County.* It included the old Caughnawaga (now a part of Fonda) as well as Johnstown, Mayfield and Broadalbin. These brothers married sisters and both were soldiers throughout the Revolutionary War. They were wealthy as wealth was counted in those

* During the War of Independence, the name of Tryon had become offensive to the people because of their hatred of the last English governor of New York, William Tryon, and by an act of the New York State legislature in 1784, the name was changed to Montgomery in honor of General Richard Montgomery, the hero of Quebec.

days. Francis served as a private in the Albany County Militia in a regiment of which his cousin Abraham was Captain. This Abraham was the father of the future eighth President of the United States -- Martin Van Buren. Harmon served as Major in Colonel Abraham J. Van Alstine's regiment of Albany County Militia.

For more than sixty years Francis was a farmer near Kinderhook, but in 1789 he purchased several hundred acres of land lying on the north side of Mayfield Creek and, as it was usual for all roads to be named, he lived on Butter Street. The first New York State Census, taken the next year (1790), states that he had three sons and seven slaves. The organization of the Town of Mayfield occurred in 1793 and the same year a Dutch Reformed Church was organized there. Its churchyard was the present site of the cemetery. The Van Buren family was very active in the founding of this church.

Harmon Van Buren was still at Kinderhook at the taking of this first Census. There his family is given as two sons over sixteen years of age, one son under sixteen, two daughters and six slaves. In 1792 a deed of five hundred acres of land in Sacandaga Patent is recorded in the County Clerk's Office in Johnstown to Harmon Van Buren. He also bought a tract of land south of the Mayfield Creek, known as Munsonville, which was his future home. It is a family tradition that he brought with him a barrel of gold.*

Harmon's oldest son, Barent, studied law and was graduated from Columbia College, New York City. He was a member of the Columbia County Bar. After receiving his diploma, he established himself at Caughnawaga (now Fonda, New York). He was a fine-looking man, honorable and upright. H. Van Buren Peckham, author of "The Van Buren Family", says of him: "He was an educated man, a gentleman of strong character and possessing a mind which would have placed him in the front ranks of his profession, had his health permitted."

On April 17, 1792, he married Grace Denison. She was one of the eight children of Thomas and Catherine (Starr) Denison, and with her father, her brother Samuel and his wife, had moved from Hartford, Connecticut, and taken a farm near the Van Burens. After the War they had emigrated, as did many other families from Connecticut, to take up the vacant lands in New York State.

Grace was a beautiful character and it was said she was the prettiest girl who attended the church in Hartford. She was twenty-three years old at the time of her marriage. She was called Grandmother Grace in later years to distinguish her from the other grandmothers, and her memory has come down to her descendants as an inspiring, gracious influence. But her life must have been very different from its prospects when she married this talented young lawyer. In early manhood a fall from a horse had made

* The records of the Mayfield Church show that on October 4, 1800, Harmon Van Buren and his wife, Eva Van Slyck, were received into membership by letter from the Dutch Reformed Church of Kinderhook. In 1826 the church of Mayfield was dismissed from the Classis of Montgomery and admitted to the Albany Presbytery as the Central Presbyterian Church of Mayfield.

Barent lame, and this caused a "fever-sore" from which he suffered all his life. He was obliged to give up his law practice and they went to live near the Van Buren homestead. Here they raised a family of five sons and two daughters, whose names were: Harmon, born 1793; Thomas Harvey, 1795; Angelica, 1799; Samuel, 1801; Peter, 1803; Catherine Starr, 1807; and William, 1812. Barent taught school when he was able, and he was attended by Dr. Chambers of Broadalbin, the father of the novelist, Robert W. Chambers, with occasionally a doctor coming from Syracuse.

Their home was on the edge of a wood. It was on low ground, near the Vlaie. The Vlaie consisted of thousands of acres of swampy or drowned lands extending many miles in length and more than six miles from east to west. Thousands upon thousands of wild ducks and geese floated on its surface, while countless thousands of fish were in its waters. Angelica Van Buren told her grandchildren that she could always fish from the second story windows of their home, and that they could always have ducks and geese. According to geologists the Vlaie was the remains of a great pre-historic lake. It was the playground of Sir William Johnson and his friends, and was the principal hunting and fishing ground for the central part of New York State, until it was changed into the great Sacandaga Reservoir for generating electric power and controlling the waters of the Hudson River, making possible the Port of Albany.

The father, Harmon, had given Barent his education and set him up in business, and probably felt that was enough, but with his poor health and large family times were hard. Had his own mother lived, I feel sure he would never have been left to struggle with these hardships alone. His father had remarried, and had wealth and land in abundance. It is said that Grace never complained and was in the habit of remarking: "Never mind. We will get along someway." As the sons grew older, they assumed the care and maintenance of the family.

I have a copy of a letter written at the time of her own father's death (Thomas Denison) to her sister, Mrs. Ebenezer Warner of Skaneateles, Cayuga County. It shows great love for her father, how she spent as much time with him as possible, going at intervals between her own home and her father's. Near the end of the letter she speaks of what he has left them, expressing the feeling that their brother, Samuel, is not quite fair, as: "I spoke of the grain and the money. He did not incline to tell me much, says a very little money. The grain, we were divided in our opinion. He is not willing to have any divided, only what grew on Father's land, which is, he says, ninety bushels. Father has told me one-half of all they raised last year was his; if he was not able to work much, he paid his share to the hired man. May we not wish to have all that a person gives us in this way? It is natural, but I hope that my unruly member may be held in with bit and bridle that it create no disturbance. I beg the Lord's assistance herein.... I think I would rather lose. The sheep Samuel has no share in."

With regard to household furnishings, she said: "There is to you the bed as we talked. I have thought if you was willing your bed should lie here. I should be glad to have it, not to use in common nor not often. The tick of the other is so poor. I am afraid I shall not be able to get a new one this summer, - mean to try. I would be willing to give you as many pounds of new feathers as you would think rite to exchange. I don't wish to have a cent's worth more than you.

G.V.B."

It must have been three years before Harmon Van Buren died, that Barent and his family decided to move in order to better their circumstances. They rented a farm in the Town of Johnstown, near the little village of Kingsboro and on the road to Mayfield. Kingsboro had been resettled after the Revolution mainly by people from New England, whose chief industry was tin-smiths and tin-peddling. Before two years had passed, stories reached them that land good for raising wheat could be bought much more cheaply in the western part of the state, at Gouverneur, where many families were settling. The second son, Thomas Harvey, had met in Johnstown a young lady, Betsy Ayres, whose brother had already gone. In a few months on September 17, 1817, when he was twenty-two years old, they were married and soon went on to Gouverneur, taking with them, tradition says, only an ax and their clothing.

Soon enough trees had been chopped and hewn, and a little log cabin built for this young couple, on what is now known as the Johnstown Road, and they began urging his parents to come with the rest of the family. The remaining sons wanted to make the change and, with their father and mother and nine-year old Catherine Starr, left to make their home in this wilderness, leaving eighteen-year old Angelica, the wife of Jesse Finch Foote.

Grandfather Harmon died in 1819 and his will was probated in the Clerk's Office at Johnstown. The most of his freehold estate in the Sacandaga Patent, with farming implements and stock, went to his fourth son, Francis, with liberal and particular directions for the care of his wife, Elizabeth. To his other children were left gifts of small amounts and to Barent, land near the Vlaie.

It is through Grace Denison that our branch of the Foote Family can be traced back to (Elder) William and Mary Brewster of the Mayflower in three lines through the Denison Family. I do not know for how long a time this fact of family history was overlooked. It must certainly have been known to Great-Grandmother Grace, but times were hard with her and I doubt if she and Great-Grandfather Barent ever returned to Montgomery County from their home in Gouverneur.

The Van Burens were pioneers among the pioneers of Gouverneur and were greatly respected in the town. Mother Grace was much loved for her gracious manner and kindness and Father Barent was thought a great deal of by his children. The sons finally all had homes of their own, the three oldest as farmers located on the Johnstown Road. Children were growing up in these families and the sister, Catherine Starr, had married a well-to-do man, Milton Barney. They had a family of two sons and a daughter. Frequent trips were made to and from Gouverneur by different members of the family but I think my Father did not go. He left home early to make his own way in the world. He always revered the memory of Mother Grace, and I remember his saying: "I wish I knew more of the Denison family. They always seemed to me very superior people."

Grandmother Grace had another disappointment in a financial way, when her brother, Samuel, died in 1831, leaving all his property, including what came to him from his father (Thomas Denison), to a favorite nephew who lived with him, a son of his sister, Mrs. Warner of Cayuga County.

In the will of Thomas Denison all real estate went to his son, Samuel, and after his death it was to be divided among his lawful heirs. Due to a miscopy, it read "legal" heirs and Samuel, dying childless, made his nephew his legal heir. He was within the law, but he knew this was not the way his father wished it to go. This nephew lived many years in Kingsboro, a well-to-do gentleman with his wife and adopted daughter, in a house facing the park and near the church.

The following citation is from the Clerk's Office in Johnstown, New York: "To Grace, the wife of Barent Van Buren, heir of Samuel Denison late of the Town of Mayfield in the County of Montgomery and State of New York deceased, and all others whom this notice may concern -- You and each of you are hereby required to take notice that I shall apply to Tobias A. Stoutenburgh, Surrogate of the County of Montgomery at his office in the village of Johnstown in the said County on the fifth day of December next at ten o'clock in the forenoon to hear the last Will and Testament of the said Samuel Denison, deceased, proved and recorded pursuant to Chapter Sixth, part second of the revised statutes of the State of New York.
Dated October 18th, 1831. (Signed) E. G. Warner "

I have one remembrance of my Great-Aunt, Catherine Starr. She was visiting the family with her husband, and they came to spend the day with us in Johnstown -- a very stately, elderly couple whom we called Aunt Catherine and Uncle Barney. She wore a plaid silk dress in shades of green, with full skirt and tight waist, like a Godey Print. I was an interested observer but I cannot remember anything being said to me.

An interesting event in connection with the Van Buren Family was the unveiling of a monument to the memory of the two Revolutionary soldiers, Major Harmon and Francis Van Buren. This took place on the old farm at Munsonville, now known as the Van Denburgh Farm. Much of the land has been covered by the great Sacandaga Reservoir, but the graves are on a high bluff above the water. It was on Sunday afternoon, September 27th, 1936, and was done under the leadership of the Town Historian, Rev. E. J. Ruliffson, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Mayfield, assisted by the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Gloversville. It was an impressive ceremony. Chairs had been brought for the whole company. A boulder with a broad base and of slender height had been brought from a neighboring wood, and the State, under the Education Department, had furnished a bronze tablet, bearing the inscription:

"Pioneers of Mayfield.
Major Harmon Van Buren 1736 - 1819 and
Francis Van Buren 1728 - 1815 Brothers
Their wives, Eva and Johanna Van Slyck Sisters
Natives of Kinderhook
Soldiers of the Revolution
Erected 1936 "

There was a large gathering, including a number of descendants of both Harmon and Francis Van Buren. The speakers' stand was a truck decorated with red, white and blue bunting and American flags. Mrs. John M. Burton, Regent of the Chapter of Gloversville, presided. There were selections by the Mayfield Band, the singing of "America", and an address by the Town Historian, telling of the Van Buren family history from the pilgrimage from Holland through the Revolution. The monument was unveiled by a great, great, great, great-granddaughter of Francis Van Buren. This was followed by the singing of "America the Beautiful", the Benediction and Taps. I was there with my cousins: Jesse (McFalls) Vosburgh, Grace (Thomas) McFalls, and Emma (Foote) Hodges. Hattie and Dan were there but they did not get out of their automobile.

Note: Grandmother Grace died August 18, 1834. Grandfather Barent lived sixteen years longer, making his home with their daughter, Catherine Starr Barney. He often took his meals at his son Peter's famous hotel. He died April 30, 1850.

CHAPTER IV

The Family of Jesse Finch Foote

I never knew how soon after the marriage of Jesse Finch Foote and Angelica Van Buren the new home was ready for them. It was probably some time, for the wood had to be cut and seasoned, as well as the house and barns built, -- the house which I have described.

I think it must have been Grandmother's experience that love came with the babies. She welcomed every one of her eleven -- five sons and six daughters. Their names in order were: Robert, Catherine Starr, Sarah Maria, James Harvey, Byron, Daniel, Orrilla, Mary Jane, William Darius, Ellen Elmyra, and Harriet Grace. Byron and Harriet Grace died in childhood. All of the others grew up and married, and one by one left home, except Daniel, who was to inherit the homestead and care for his mother.

With this growing family Jesse Finch Foote could not drive to the Episcopal Church in Johnstown for worship and they attended the church at Mayfield. It was still the Dutch Reformed Church. He must have been a very good man and fairly prosperous. I have heard that he was a great Bible student and could repeat the next verse to any quoted from the Bible.

My father, William Darius, was the youngest son and in his childhood was called "Darius" that he should not be called "Billy" or "Bill". He must have been a quiet, lovable child. In fact, the family was always a very united and loving one. One summer the teacher boarded with them. She was a student at what is now the New York State College for Teachers at Albany, and she became a friend of the family, especially of sister Orrilla. Long afterwards she said to one of the younger members of the family that all the time she was there she never heard a discourteous or an unkind word from any one of that large family. And even though the house was small, there always seemed to be plenty of room for all of them.

Father spoke often of his grandfather, Jesse Foote. I remember him telling how he loved to go a little way past the barns, then back of the orchard over the well-trodden path to see him; and how kind Step-Grandmother Elizabeth and Aunt Anna Tucker were to all the children. Then he would add something to this effect: "And that, after all, was more to be desired than wealth and learning." His grandfather liked to take him to church at Johnstown, as he did the other grandchildren, and he remembered visits and Sunday dinners at the Prindle homestead on East Main Street, for Grandfather Prindle and Grandfather Foote were great friends.

When Father was six years old he remembered being taken by his grandfather to Fonda and seeing his first railway train. They stood on the bridge which spans the tracks while a train went under. He said he was sure his hair stood on end. This was not long before the death of his grandfather.*

* The St. John's Church record is: "A.D. 1842. June 25th. Buried Jesse Foote, aged 85 years". Grandmother Elizabeth lived for two more years and died at the age of eighty-seven.

Father was tall for his age, and fair, and became the tallest of the brothers. He was always a great reader and student and it was while he attended the little school near their home that New York State sent out its first school libraries. It must have been a good selection of books which came to this little school, for he read and remembered every one and it was the foundation of his broad reading. For a time he attended the Kingsboro Academy. One day he needed to buy a Latin grammar. He thought he could do this by gathering butternuts and selling them in Gloversville. So when his brother, Daniel, was driving there, he went with him. But he had no success. When the appointed time came to start home, he still had his butternuts. Daniel heard his story and without any criticism said: "Get in and we'll drive down to .....". It was Daniel who went in this time and made a complete sale.

Some years after the Mayfield Church was changed from Dutch Reformed to Presbyterian, Jesse Finch Foote was elected an Elder, a position he held for the rest of his life. He was often consulted by the minister, Reverend Jeremiah Wood, on church matters. There was a strong resemblance between them. The story is told that on one occasion Mrs. Wood took Mr. Foote's arm, near the pulpit, and walked with him to the rear of the church before she discovered she was not with her husband.

The first marriage in the family was Father's oldest sister, Catherine Starr. She was a very beautiful girl. When she was twenty-one (in 1841) she went on a visit to her grandfather Van Buren's in Gouverneur. There she married a man by the name of Goodrich. The following year she died and this was a very great sorrow for the home family.

When Father was ten years old, in 1846, there were two marriages in the family: Robert married Janet Stuart (in February) and settled on the farm adjoining, toward Mayfield. Her mother and sister, Phoebe, always lived with them. A rather amusing story is told of Robert as a young man. Aunt Anna Tucker, following the death of her father (Jesse Foote) and his wife (Elizabeth), spent the last year of her life with Robert's family. She had some very nice things in bedding and linen. After her funeral service the family returned to Robert's home for the reading of her will. This stated that she left her property to the one who wanted it the most and needed it the most. Robert said that he filled that description and the other members of the family acquiesced. But it was winter; the things were in a cold room, and Aunt Janet spent so much time in looking them over that she took cold and had a long illness.

There was a son and a daughter in this family, Harriet and Jesse, the Third. They died quite close together, just as they were coming into young manhood and womanhood. The father never recovered from this loss and I think of him as a very sad-looking man. I remember one visit from my Cousin Harriet, to our home in Johnstown. The rooms are large and at that time were heated with stoves. The two front rooms, which form the width of the house, were not always open but this time they were. It was a beautiful twilight. Harriet wore a bright blue marino dress. We were walking up and down these rooms with our arms around each other, and talking. The distance seemed great for I was a little child.

The second marriage was in the fall, September 17, 1846, when Sarah Maria married Reverend Zerah T. Hoyt. He had gone two years before as a home missionary from Saratoga County to Hastings, Michigan. The trip to Buffalo was made by canal-boat and he was the first minister in that frontier town. Later they came back to Saratoga County because of her poor health. In a little village called South Greenfield, a few miles from Saratoga Springs, Mr. Hoyt preached for fifty years in the Congregational Church.*

Sarah was fourteen years older than Darius and in his childhood had him in her charge. There was always an especially close bond between them, and she used to tell amusing stories about him. One was about his great fondness for fruit and the quantities of apples he would eat. A customary question when he was going to bed was: "Will I bus' open?" And another was, having been so often told the Bible story of the bears eating up the bad children: "Will the bears get me?"

When Darius was thirteen, Brother James Harvey married and left home, living first at Mayfield, then Kingsboro and later at Johnstown. He had studied for the ministry but ill health had not permitted him to finish. It was while he was living at Mayfield that he realized the need of more dwelling houses and thought it would be a good investment to build and sell. After building and disposing of three houses to advantage, he thought of the good timber going to waste in Grandfather Jesse's house, which had been vacant since Grandmother's death, and, with the consent of the family, it was taken down and rebuilt into a house near the Presbyterian Church in Mayfield.

A short time later Sister Orrilla married Elliot Thomas of Kingsboro, a glove manufacturer, and she went to live there. She was considered one of the beauties of the family and was a very favorite sister. This left Darius' brother Daniel (eight years his senior) and his sisters, Mary and Ellen, in the old home when he went, at the age of sixteen, to teach school at Union Mills, a little village between Broadalbin and Fishhouse. It was when he began teaching that he first used the name William D., as he ever afterward signed it. For three years he taught in this school and at the age of nineteen he was in Johnstown establishing a grocery business. The store was on the north side of Main Street, the fourth west from Market, on the site of the present Masonic Building, where for so many years were the "William Van Vleit" and the "Conyne and Loveys" drug stores.

The year of Father's birth (1836) was a sad time for Johnstown and its vicinity, for it then lost its position as County Seat of Montgomery County. When after the Revolution Tryon County was re-named Montgomery, it was a change in name only, not in territory. In the early Eighteen Hundreds the Legislature of the State of New York began naming portions for separate counties, especially in the western part of the State. Johnstown was still

* Described in poem by Edward H. Hoyt, "The Old White Church".

the legal center for a great territory and was also on the direct line of travel east and west from the Mohawk River at Fort Johnson and Tribes Hill to Palatine Bridge and Canajoharie, a distance of about twenty miles. The roads in use were mainly those opened by Sir William Johnson on the hills above the River. In 1825 the Erie Canal was opened through these twenty miles of river valley, and in 1831 the railroad, which became the New York Central, was built close to the river. But the blow came suddenly and unexpectedly when a group of enterprising men in the little village of Caughnawaga laid out additional streets, naming it Fonda, and applied to the Legislature at Albany to have the County Seat changed from Johnstown to Fonda. This was done with very little consideration or reason. There were able men in Johnstown at this time who might have prevented it, had it been done openly, such as Judge Daniel Cady, one of the most able lawyers in the State, a Congressman and member of the Supreme Court of the State, and the father of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. But the Records were taken to Fonda, and Johnstown was left with its empty County Buildings and a greatly diminished population.

There was such dissatisfaction and agitation that in a little more than a year a change was made and, by an Act of the Legislature on April 18, 1838, a new County was created from the northern part of Montgomery to become effective ten days later on April 28th. The name "Fulton" was chosen after Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat. Copies of all records taken to Fonda were made and returned to Johnstown.

Times were very hard for several years and the little town was fighting for its very existence. The manufacture of gloves and mittens which had started early, was growing slowly until it became the chief source of income. Eventually Fulton County became the glove center of the country. It was still a struggling village when Father, a boy of nineteen, was making his adventure as a groceryman in 1855.

CHAPTER V

My Mother - Mary Catherine Shults

I do not know the given name of the first Shults of our line who came from Mannheim, Germany, and settled among the Palatines of Stone Arabia, Montgomery County. He died before the Revolution. Among his children was Henry. When a boy, Henry was taken by his mother to the Fort at Stone Arabia (where the school-house now stands) during Sir John Johnson's raid toward the close of the Revolutionary War. Sir John camped near there for the night and went on to East Creek the next day, where Walter Butler was killed. The Fort was two miles north of the churches.

Henry married Sarah Moore, whose home was about half way between Johnstown and Fonda on the "Old Road", this road leading from South Melcher Street in Johnstown. He was a leading man in holding town offices and in church matters. They attended the Lutheran Church at Stone Arabia. Their oldest son, John Henry, was my Great-Grandfather. He was a soldier in the War of 1812, and served through that war. His wife was Mary Saltsman of the same place, and her father and grandfather - George Saltsman, Jr. and Sr. - were soldiers in the Tryon County Militia. At one time they were in the same regiment. They were probably descendants of the Palatine group which came to America in 1710.

All I know of the Saltsman family was told me by my Grandfather, Levi Shults, the son of John Henry. The father of Mary Saltsman was eighteen years old at the time of the Battle of Johnstown (October 25, 1781), and took part in this last battle of the Revolution. Grandfather Levi remembered hearing him tell of his running with that part of the Tryon County Militia which fled in panic from the battle-field, up West State Street Hill - then called Town Hill - to the Episcopal Church, where they were halted by Colonel Willett and sent back to help gain the victory.

He married Aweena Lepper of Stone Arabia. Their home was two miles north of the Stone Arabia Church. He became a well-to-do farmer and kept two black men and two black women as slaves, who lived in a little house near them and did the work. There is a tradition in the family of the fine garden of vegetables, flowers and fruits which Grandmother Saltsman had, among them strawberries which were not much cultivated in those days. My Great-Aunt Eliza Shults, sister of Grandfather Levi, told me that she ate there her first cultivated strawberries. She also told me that my oldest sister, Alice Gray, whom we called Allie, reminded her of her grandmother Saltsman, for she loved flowers in the same way and every thing would grow for her.

John Henry Shults was born in 1787 and Mary Saltsman in 1790. They grew up together in the country settlement of Stone Arabia. Their children were Levi, born 1810; Mary, who married Charles Crosby and went to live in Indiana; and Eliza, born 1825. They prospered and Grandfather

Levi has told me of the trips to Albany each year with the grain harvest, especially wheat. It was a neighborhood affair, a long train of farm wagons, taking three or more days for the trip and stopping for the night at wayside inns. At an earlier date during a crisis in the Revolutionary War, it was the wheat from Stone Arabia which supplied the Colonial Army.

When Grandfather Levi was twenty-two years old he married a young lady of the neighborhood, Harriet Gray, the daughter of John S. and Catherine (Markell) Gray. The Grays owned a farm on the "Old Indian Road", so called since the days of the Indians because it was an old Indian trail to Canada. This had first been the Markell farm. The ancestry of Harriet Gray would make a good story of pioneer history - the Grays, the Markells and the Fincks.

The Fincks

The Fincks came first, leaving their home in the Palatinate of the Rhine in 1709, because of the devastation of the country in the wars of Louis XIV of France. Again and again the country was overrun. They were Protestants, followers of Calvin, and because of their faith, Queen Anne of England offered them asylum.* Andrew Finck, aged 34, his wife, Maria, and their son Christopher, aged nine, were in one of the first ship-loads which crossed to England and their names are included in the list of these refugees, preserved in the British Museum. The Germans evidently expected to be sent immediately across the sea to America, but they spent some months in England, working when work could be had. However, the English laborers did not like foreigners taking away their livelihood and, though at first they were kindly received, it was the Queen, out of her own private fortune, who had to care for them in the end.

The British Parliament needed war supplies, especially tar, pitch and masts for ships, and in the Colonies there were many pine trees. What better plan could be made than to locate these unfortunate Germans in the Colonies under some competent person, have them tought to make these war supplies, and have them indentured until their passage money was paid? It took several months to perfect these plans. The Board of Trade was assisted by Colonel Robert Hunter, who was to be the new Governor of New York. Four tracts of land were considered for this settlement; these were part of the "Extravagant Grants" given by Governor Fletcher ten years earlier and made void by law in 1708. One was on the Mohawk River above where Little Falls now is, one on the Schoharie River, and two on the Hudson River, one on the east side on the Livingston Manor, and the other on the west bank. The matter was left to the discretion of the Governor.

* Prince George of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne, was considered the champion of Protestantism in Europe, against Louie XIV, and, when Anne came to the throne in 1702, she was active in their behalf under the guidance of the Duke of Marlborough, the leader of the Protestant Army. From May through the summer of 1709 thousands of refugees made their way to Rotterdam, Holland, and as the British ships came with soldiers, they were sent back filled with Palatines.

About three thousand were chosen for this venture, including the Finck family. Ten ships were chartered and loaded but it was months before they sailed from the Thames. In their crowded quarters sickness started, and shiploads, ill with fever, were landed on Governor's Island in New York Bay, beginning June 13, 1710. Many had died. The Governor had chosen the Hudson and the Finck family were assigned to the west bank. They were given plots of land on which to build their huts of rough logs, the cracks plastered with mud. Tools and food were supplied by the company and when the passage money was paid, each family was to be given forty acres of land free. Things did not go very smoothly. They did not have competent teachers, and the money from England was not forthcoming. Governor Hunter went deeply in debt to supply the needs, using even his personal fortune. After two years he was obliged to tell them that they could go anywhere in New York or New Jersey on their own, to return if funds came from England.

A few hundred, including the Fincks, went to Schoharie. They were not allowed to take their tools from the Livingston Manor and it was a time of bitter struggle. For the next few years they tilled the land, built cabins, and were greatly helped by the Dutch churches in Schenectady, Albany and New York. A few years later they were told by Governor Hunter that their lands in Schoharie had been sold to a company of young men in Albany, sons of the first purchasers; and they were called upon to purchase, lease, or vacate their lands. There were some who did each of these things.

William Burnet was governor at this time and he attempted to find suitable lands for the Palatines. The Governor of Pennsylvania had invited them to settle in that state, and a large number joined, cut a way through the forest to the Susquehanna River, brought their goods there, built canoes, and drove their cattle overland. This was in the spring of 1723. Other parties settled up the Mohawk, near where German Flats and Herkimer now are. While the party to which the Fincks belonged, rented lands from the Indians on the north side of the Mohawk, now Palatine Bridge and Stone Arabia. Like many place names in New York State chosen from ancient history, as Troy, Utica and Syracuse, the rock-ledged streams of this section must have reminded someone of Arabia Petra, and the name was changed to Stone Arabia.

It is very fertile country and homes were built, but the land was not theirs until 1768 when, through the good offices of Sir William Johnson, the settlers purchased the lands they were occupying from the Indians. Two churches had been built, the Lutheran and the Dutch Reformed, because the settlers could not agree on the name. Sir William gave twenty-five acres each for Glebe Land, which was sold for the support of the churches.

Although in the beginning the land was only rented from the Indians, it was called the Stone Arabia Patent, and the allotments are recorded in the office of the Secretary of State in Albany. Andrew received lots #13 and 38. He was forty-eight years old at this time. Another son, Jacob, had been born to them in 1812, while living at West Bank. Christopher had lots #26 and 33; he was twenty-three and later married Catharine Eacher. They had a family of three children: Andrew born September 2, 1721, William, and Margaretha. Andrew Finck, 2d., married Catharine Elizabeth Loucks in December 1742. He served as ensign and private in the Colonial and Revolutionary Wars. He died August 22, 1786; his will was made July 15, 1786 and was probated in 1792, and recorded in the Surrogates Office, Johnstown, in Book One of Wills, page 87. This Andrew and Catharine Elizabeth had a family of three sons and three daughters, and the people of this generation were in their prime during the Revolution. The oldest son, Andrew 3d., was a

Major and one of the most prominent men from this part of the state. Their youngest daughter, Catharine, married George Markell, an Englishman. They were the grand-parents of Harriet Gray.

The Gray Family

Andrew Gray came to this country from the north of Ireland about 1735. He located in Stone Arabia on a farm later known as the Henry Gramps Farm. I believe he married here. He had four sons: Andrew, Jr. who was a Colonel in the Revolutionary War; Adam, a shoemaker; John, a blacksmith; and Samuel, a carpenter and farmer, who also was in the War, as Adjutant and Lieutenant. Samuel Gray was born on January 23, 1751. He married in Stone Arabia, Catharine Suits, who was born August 31, 1753, the daughter of Captain Peter Suits, a Revolutionary soldier. They had a family of seven sons, and the second son, John Samuel Gray, was the father of Harriet.

The Markell Family

George Markell came to this country not long before the Revolution under very different circumstances than the Fincks. He came from England as a land agent under King George III. He had taken an oath of allegiance to the King before he came. We know little of his family except that his father was Henry Markell of Stone Arabia, and he had a sister Maria, who was the wife of Major Andrew Finck.

George Markell had taken for himself the farm on the old Indian Road, had married Catharine Finck and they were living there at the outbreak of the War. When he would not join the Committee of Safety nor the Militia of Tryon County, his neighbors turned against him and he was cruelly treated. He finally went to Canada for the duration of the War. He left two young brothers by the name of Dillenback to care for his farm. They were surprised in the hayfield and were prisoners in Canada until the war closed. Their supper was found uneaten in the field.

At the time of her marriage, Catharnie Finck was given by her father, as a wedding gift, fifty acres of land joining the Markell farm. They were always called "The Finck Lots". It was their daughter, Catharine Markell, who married John S. Gray, and the farm has come down in the family as Grandpa Gray's farm. Later when Grandfather and Grandmother Gray went to live with their son, Henry, in Steuben County, the farm was sold to a granddaughter and her husband, Catharine (Cook) and Washington Getman. His home was near Ephratah. There were three sons and six daughters in this Gray family. George Markell and his wife, Catharine Finck, and several of the Gray children are buried in the family plot, opposite the house on the Old Indian Road. George Markell had come back after the War and lived an honored man among his neighbors.

Levi Shults and Harriet Gray had been married but a short time when they and his father, John Henry, with his wife Mary (Saltsman) Shults, decided to move to the town of Johnstown. They purchased a farm of over two hundred acres, two and one half miles east of the village of Johnstown, in the district called Albany Bush. It is a fine farming section and overlooks the Mohawk Valley and beyond to the Cherry Valley Mountains, and on clear days, to the dim line of the Catskills. The farm was purchased from William

Capelman and Magdaline, his wife, and their X is made instead of their signatures in the Book of Deeds in the Johnstown Court House, dated February 16, 1832.

A small house was standing, with a large fire-place and a Dutch oven in the main room. There were some sleeping rooms above, the stairs going up through the wood shed, which was under the same roof. A few more acres were bought a little later from the Moore Farm, the first one to the north, and on the direct road from Tribes Hill to Johnstown. The farm purchased is on a cross-road starting south from the Tribes Hill road at its junction with the road from Fort Johnson. The Albany Bush schoolhouse stands in this fork of the road. The cross-road borders the orchard and a deep ravine runs through it with a small stream, and there are butternut as well as apple trees growing. The house is in plain sight across this ravine on a hill sloping toward the south. The entrance is by a big gate in a section of this ravine by roads leaving the main road from either direction. After passing the gate, a large watering trough was on one side of the road, fed by the stream; then the road continues up a hill toward the barns and to the large lawn surrounding the house, which is guarded by a picket fence.

The house they built was large and arranged for the two families, John Henry taking the eastern side with windows to the east and south, and Levi, the west and north. Unfortunately a part of the southern portion was taken up with what they called "The Stoop". It was equal to a good sized room with windows and a door to the south, but was practically only an entrance leading to the two living rooms. A trap door in one corner of this "Stoop" led to the cellar.

Grandfather Levi's garden was at the rear on the slope of the hill toward the house and the south. Great-Grandmother Mary's garden was toward the ravine at the east and a little ahead of the house, enclosed by a picket fence, the part on a level with the lawn filled with fruit trees, and the lower garden surrounded by a stone wall with stone steps leading from the upper to the lower portion. It was one of the sweetest gardens I have ever known.

When this change was made in 1832, Eliza, the youngest daughter, was seven years old. Two little sons were born to Levi and Harriet soon after: Byron Gray, September 16, 1832, and John Henry 2d., in 1835. On October 25, 1837 a baby girl was born, and the mother lived only three weeks. Before she died, she requested her mother-in-law, Mary, to take and bring up the baby. So little Mary Catherine's home was always with her grandparents. Her father soon married again, but this second marriage did not last long for this wife also died. Within five years from the death of his first wife, he has married a third time, a young widow, whose maiden name was Rebecca Johnson. Before long little Mary Catherine had a step-sister, Sarah Louisa.

I think the step-mother was always good to the children. When I used to visit there as a child, I generally went first to my Great-Grandmother's but I felt just as welcome in the other part of the house, and would sleep sometimes on one side and again on the other. It was always sunny and bright on the east side, and warm with a wood fire. Coal was burned on the west side and it was sunless except in the late afternoon, when the sun came in the one west window by the closed fireplace. There were two large windows to the north facing the garden.

The old Capelman house touched the new house at the southwest corner. It was used for a summer kitchen by Grandmother Rebecca, and the rooms above were for the farm-hands. A long piazza, shaded by vines, was in front of this old house; and there I loved to play.

I believe my Mother had a happy childhood. Her uncles and aunts on the Gray side were interested in her, especially Aunt Alida (Gray) Wagner, who lived at Fort Plain and later at Whitesboro, and the youngest uncle, Israel J. Gray, who was a banker in Utica but who lived in Whitesboro. He was not married at that time but had a fine home. She spent the greater part of several years with him, where she had advantages she could not have in the country. They invested some money for her and also the few hundred dollars which had come to her from her mother, earned from teaching school. So she had her own spending money. Uncle Is, as he was called, bought her a piano and she became an interested student of music. He was a fine flute player and they played together a great deal. He taught Mother's brothers, Byron and John, to play the flute, for they were often with them. He played in a musical organization in Utica.

For several terms she attended the boarding-school for young ladies at Albion, in the western part of the state, and formed some friendships among her schoolmates which continued many years. At one time Mother attended the Johnstown Academy, boarding for the time she was in town, with Mr. and Mrs. William Dorn at the corner of South Market and Clinton Streets. She was also taking lessons in painting from the rector of St. John's Church, Mr. Clover, and we still have copies which she made of three of his paintings, which are very fine. She also sang in the Episcopal Church choir.

At some time in his youth, Byron had been in Utica in the bank with Uncle Is, and had built a very fine house in Whitesboro. The large lawn on the west has since been made into a street leading toward the Mohawk River, but it is still a beautiful place. I doubt his ever having lived there, but he was planning to be married and probably built it for his future home. Byron married, on January 30, 1855, Gertrude Christina Walter of Nelliston, a village opposite Fort Plain. On the wedding trip to Niagara Falls he invited Mother and his wife's younger brother, Dan Walter, to accompany them. This was a never forgotten pleasure to her.

When Mother returned home to stay, Uncle Is had married, and her brother, Byron, and his bride had begun housekeeping in Union Hall on East Main Street. This had been built by Baumann de Fon Claire, one of the French soldiers who had remained in America after the Revolution and who had built this for the finest tavern in this section. Byron and John had started a drygoods business in Johnstown and Dan Walter was with them. Mother, too, was spending a good deal of time there. Her sister, Sarah Louisa, was developing into a young lady. Her mother had bought her a piano so Mother's piano was left temporarily in Whitesboro.

The young daughter Eliza, who was seven years old when her parents, John Henry and Mary Shults, had moved to Albany Bush, had married at the age of seventeen a young farmer, Martin Lefler. Their home was two miles east on the road to Tribes Hill, a very pleasant place, and here was growing up a family of children, six sons and two daughters. Those I knew best were the daughters, Alice and Belle, and the youngest son, Raymond.

Belle became Mrs. James Striker and still lives at the historic Striker homestead at Tribes Hill, one of the oldest homesteads in the Mohawk Valley. She has told me how as a child she loved to visit at the home of Grandfather John Henry, and of the furnishings of the house there. She remembered Mother's room on the east side of the house, over the front entrance, and the parlor under it. It seemed to her that Mother was seldom there. She remembered John much better. He was always so pleasant and so handsome. But she did recall distinctly one occasion, when she was very small, of coming into Mother's room where John sat talking, of being taken on Mother's lap and comforted, and then the conversation being continued while Mother held her. And another time there was quite a party of young people there and they went for a walk in the orchard. She was younger than the rest and felt very strange and shy. After going a little way, Mother put her arm around her saying: "You and I will walk together".

It is now the years of 1855 and 1856. Mother is making visits to Fort Plain and Whitesboro; Father is making frequent trips to Little Falls for supplies; Grandfather John Henry is buying his groceries at the new store. It was not at the store that Father and Mother met. I will let Father tell about it in his letters to Mother, which are so full of incidents of family interest and reveal so much of personalities to their descendants (which is the purpose of this family sketch), as no words of mine could do. These letters are not generally dated, except for the day of the week. They do not go through the Post Office unless Mother is away, and they seem to be sent as chance offers.

CHAPTER VI

My Parent's Romance

The first letter is:

"Compliments to Miss Mary Shults, and would be very happy to call and spend the evening if it be perfectly agreeable, and you are not otherwise engaged."

Yours Sincerely
Wm. D. Foote

Johnstown, May 9, 1856

Johnstown, May 13, 1856

Dear Mary:

I very cordially accept the invitation so kindly extended to me. If you please I will call for you at Union Hall tomorrow evening say about eight o'clock. With many thanks for the kindness and attention you have ever manifested I remain

Affectionately yours
Wm. D. Foote

Johnstown, June 2, 1856

Dear Mary:

I received your kind note of May 30th for which you have my kindest thanks.... I suppose you did not expect me yesterday, did you? You know I said if it did not rain -- and it commenced raining about two o'clock and so I gave up going, consequently they re-let the carriage I had engaged and then when it cleared I could not go; but the evening was dark and it would not have been very pleasant coming home.

I expect to be from home tomorrow. If nothing happens to prevent I will call some afternoon this week, say Thursday or Friday; do not expect me too certainly but if it is pleasant I think I will come one of those days -- I will come about five o'clock and then if you say so we will take a ride.

Dr. Benedict and myself attended the Lutheran Church yesterday morning -- went to the Methodist in the evening, but there was a Union Missionary concert (not Prof. Gerlock) at the Lutheran. A missionary just returned from India preached, the church was most densely crowded. Mr. Tisdale preaches his farewell sermon next Sabbath. J. W. Rood starts for Wisconsin this morning.

It's a most lovely morning, it looks like summer indeed; I have just been out for a walk. I hope this long letter will not be thought tedious; fearing it may, I will close.

Subscribing myself
Your most loving affectionate friend
William

P.S. I will give this to Dan Walter; he will probably have an opportunity of sending it to you.

Johnstown, June 9th

Dearest Mary:

If it be agreeable for you to go to the concert this evening, I will call for you at eight or a little before. Quite a number of us have engaged reserved seats, Messrs. Rood, Shults, Ripton, Myself and others.

Will you please answer per Dan Walter.

Yours Lovingly
William

Johnstown, June 23, 1856
Monday 8 A.M.

Dearest Mary:

Your note of yesterday came duly to hand and the perusal of it afforded, as ever, the most sincere pleasure, and it is with equal satisfaction I commence the pleasant duty of answering it.

This is dreadfully warm weather we are having. Saturday and Sunday, oh, how hot!, but this morning it is some cooler. How delightful it would be to be out rambling in the fields and woods this morning -- and I presume while I am writing, you are out gathering flowers -- or perhaps you are in your own pleasant room practicing -- the windows raised and the fresh morning air coming through the casement.

You have not forgotten that rainy evening I spent at your house, have you? ..... Those were happy moments to me..... How pleasant when the storm is without, and the rain beats against the windows and patters on the roof, to pass the evening hours in the company of so kind and dear a friend. (But coming home, dear me! How dark it was). You will be in town this week, won't you? It seems so dull here, there is nothing going on at all. Do come. Mate Stanton and Jennie Pawling were in town this week. I met them once or twice. Jennie tried very hard to tease me by showing me a portrait of you which she had. I told her I thought it very pretty indeed -- She did not get much ahead.

Affectionately Yours
William

June 27, 1856

Dear Mary:

I neglected to speak of it before but if it is agreeable, I will be most happy to take you home this afternoon when you wish to go. Please answer.

Yours ever faithfully
William

Dear Mary:

I will be most happy to attend the concert with you. I will call for you.

William

Dearest Mary:

Recd. your very kind note this moment. I designed to have called at your house this evening and went yesterday to engage a conveyance, but there is such a rush for horses and carriages for the Fourth, you know I could not hire one for certain, but was told if it were possible I should have one. I think I can get one, I am so well acquainted with the proprietors (Dunn & Fraser). I know I can get one if it is a possibility. If I do not come this evening I will come at any other time next week which you may designate. You must excuse the hurry in which this is written, for I am very busy but remain

Your affect. friend
Wm. D. Foote

Johnstown, July 19, 1856

My dear Mary:

Received your kind and truly welcome letter of Monday with pleasure. It was really a very happy surprise to me. I could not imagine when I saw the postmark who there was at Tribes Hill that would send me a letter. Thank you for it, Mary. I am going home this afternoon. I wish you were going with me, it would be so much pleasanter. I always hate to ride alone. I have hired a very nice horse and carriage and think I shall have a very pleasant visit. I shall return Sabbath afternoon five or six o'clock. If you should remain in town after church, I probably may see you. Mary, why can't you stay in town next week, it seems lonely when you are away.

We had a most lovely ride last Sabbath eve; but Dan was quite sick for three or four days after. What delightful moonlight evenings we have had this week, but the weather is so warm -- ice cream, ice water, in fact anything cool is in great demand.

Mr. Gerlock has been sick for several days. I have understood he has sold out his interest in the store to Mr. Selmser, tho I have not heard him say anything about it excepting two or three times he has told me he was going West this fall. How we shall miss him. I shall be very happy to see you Sunday eve if it so happens.

Your ever affectionate friend
William

My Room, Johnstown
Friday Eve. 11 P.M.

My own dear Mary:

Received with very much pleasure your favor of August 1st. I had been on a trip in the country toward Fondas-bush (Broadalbin) the day you were in town and had just returned as you were starting away.

Mary, did we not misapprehend each other in regard to writing? I understood it this way: that you thought you would go to Amsterdam last week, that when you arrived there you would write me and I would answer it immediately by sending you a letter while there. Consequently I went into the office every day last week anxiously expecting a note from you, and each day this week I thought surely I should receive one, but each time I have been disappointed, for none has come. You are so constantly in my thoughts, your presence seems bright like an angle visit, for nothing, I assure you, affords me more pleasure than your society, and next to that, your letters. I prize them very much; often when I am weary and lonely (and I am often thus) I take them and read them all through and the little incidents which they bring to mind -- the pleasant recollections which they inspire are sweet indeed, and the past seems like a short but bright and blissful dream -- and should our paths be cast in different ways -- and God only knows the future -- should fortune's smile rest brightly on my future lot, or the thick clouds of adversity darken every hope, I should remember the many pleasant hours I have enjoyed when with you and should feel they were the happiest of my life.

Oh! Mary I think of you often, So often.
My heart were all alone
But for its thoughts on thee

I was at Little Falls one day this week. Mary, do you remember the cold morning last winter that we so accidentally met? The ride to Fonda in the open sleigh when we came so near upsetting, and our pleasant visit on the cars? How lonely the journey seemed to me when you stopped. That was our first meeting, Mary. There are some incidents in our lives which, when they are long since past and gone, memory brings back, surrounded by every bright and tender recollection -- and such was that to me.

I had to wait some time in Mr. Rathbun's office when at Little Falls for the cars, and I took up a pen and commenced a letter to you, but I did not know where to direct it, as you had not written me. I did not know whether you were in Amsterdam or not, so I tore it up.

I purchased a copy of "Hiawatha" while there. I read it about half through before I reached Fonda. I think it a very pretty poem. Will you accept it, Mary, as a token of affectionate regard. It is getting late, quite late. Pleasant dreams to you tonight, Mary.

Yours affectionately
William

Addressed to Whitesboro
Sept. 3rd, 1856
Wednesday 9 A.M.

My dear Mary:

That was such a kind, good letter of yours, Mary, just like your own sweet self. I was sure of a letter on Monday, you are always so punctual. You say my letters are so short. When I get a short letter from any of my friends, it always seems so tho they considered it an unpleasant duty, and therefore wrote as briefly as possible. Perhaps I did not think that for the same reasons you like to have long and well written letters. But then some of my letters have not been very short and I know it is more easy for you to write than for me, at least it seems so to me. I am sure your composition is better and your style is more easy and natural. I hope you will come home on Friday, let's see, it is going on four weeks since you have been gone, is it not? That is a pretty good visit, but of course you know best when you wish to come. I am afraid if you stay much longer, you will entirely forget your friends here. Is there any danger?

Well, I have to go two or three miles in the country after a lot of butter. I am going to take a lumber wagon. John Rood is going with me, so I must go now to the livery and have a horse sent. I will finish when I return.

1 o'clock P.M.

We got back about noon. I have been to dinner and have just done smoking a cigar as usual, and feel very comfortable indeed. John Rood is sitting in the store smoking as usual after dinner and I am standing at the desk. He looked up a minute ago and said, "What are you doing, Foote?" "Only scribbling a letter." That satisfied him and he puffs away again with the greatest pleasure imaginable.

John Shults and John Rood, Lib Walker and Mary Senderling visited at Maggie Robb's last evening. They asked me to go, but I did not wish to. If you had been here I would like to have gone very much would not you? They said they had a very pleasant time. Miss Walter I believe returns home this morning.

I had a real nice ride last Sunday. There was preaching on the camp ground near Tribes Hill, the tents had all been taken down and the meeting had broken up Saturday, but the seats were left so there was preaching on Sunday afternoon. There were four of us: W. Reid, E. Edwards, John Rood and myself. We started about noon. Sunday you know was a very

lovely day. We had that very nice coach of Dunns, a fine span of horses and a driver. We went by way of Fonda and got there about two o'clock. Preaching did not commence till three, so we drove to Tribes Hill.

The camp ground is about a mile west of the Hotel. I could not help thinking, as we rode past, of that Sabbath evening we (you and myself, you know) were riding that way. You remember it, do you not? I have often thought of it, we had such a pleasant ride. Well, we stayed and heard two sermons and then rode to Fultonville and had supper; in the evening we went to church and drove home after 9 P.M. O, such a lovely, glorious evening as that was, the sky was perfectly clear, and the bright full moon threw such a calm, serene light, a holy radiance over every thing.

I have not forgotten that promised morning ride. I shall be very happy to fulfill my promise any time when it is convenient for you.

I think I have written about as long a letter as you will care to read; this makes nine pages. Come home on Friday if you can, and write before you come.

With much love from your affectionate friend,
William

Addressed to Whitesboro, N.Y.
September 23, 1856
My Room Sunday Eve.

Ever dear Mary:

If you could just look in and see me, you think perhaps I was having a very cozy time. It is raining very fast on the roof and pattering on the pavement, and it sounds gloomy enough. Did you ever observe how differently such dull weather operates on our feelings at different times? Sometimes when it storms without, we can sit down by a pleasant fire and have some real good friend to talk with; to hear the rain falling, steadily keeping time with our own quiet feelings, it seems to add to our happiness. But somehow I don't feel so tonight. I am all alone, too, that makes some difference you know.

I came in a little while ago. I did not go to church this evening, and built a fire, for it's real chilly; then I drew the curtains quite close, and brought the table and my easy "old arm-chair" close to the fire, thinking I would be very comfortable, but it is no use. I tried reading first, but I don't feel like reading tonight, so I gave that up. Then I sat musing or dreaming, I don't know which. I do not know just what I was thinking of; then I thought of you -- your dear, loving self, Mary. Of the many and very happy moments you have afforded me. --- And then, shall I acknowledge it or not, Mary? Will you laugh? No; you cannot do that. A tear, a hot burning tear rolled down my cheek and fell upon my hand. Why was it, Mary? Do you know? I do not. Perhaps it's because I am so lonesome. I am really a little homesick, I believe.

Then I recollected your affectionate letter received on Saturday afternoon and I thought it would give me so much pleasure to write to you this evening. I do not know what I have written to take up so much space. I expect I shall be ashamed of it when I come to read it over. But Mary, I do not write letters to you for the object of writing pretty letter, for I could not do that if I should try, but if affords me the greatest pleasure to write to you ---

I was to the Episcopal church this morning, went with your brother, John. Mr. Clover is said to be going to leave Johnstown. I am sorry. I like to hear him very much. Don't you? I am so glad you are coming home this week. How glad I shall be to see you; four weeks tonight since I have seen you, how long it seems. Good night, Mary, and pleasant dreams.

Yours affectionately
William

Johnstown, Nov. 3rd, 1856

Dear Mary:

I will be impossible for me to come before 9 o'clock. I am nearly alone in the store for two or three days and am very closely confined here. I regret very much that I have not been able to see you and I would be very happy to come this evening. I will see Henry and if he wishes to come after nine we will. I will be most happy to do so. I have been working hard all day and am real tired.

With much love.
William

My Room, Tuesday, 11 A.M.
Nov. 18, 1856

My dear Mary:

What do you suppose I have been doing today? Shall I tell you? Well, I went to Sabbath School this morning. You know I had not been for two Sabbaths preceding. After School I was going to the Presbyterian Church. I went in before church commenced and stood by the stove a moment, and I thought I could not bear the idea of remaining there till noon. It seemed rather cold there and Mr. Fisher is so prosy and dull. I could not help thinking how much pleasanter it was in my room, with a nice warm fire and an easy arm-chair. So I came out and here I am writing to you with chair and stand drawn close to the fire.

I brought the canary over from the store this morning and sat it on the table between the windows and it is singing with all its might. I let it out in the room a little while ago. It would fly on my shoulder and then on my hand, but if I would go to catch it, it would spread its wings out and stick up its feathers and open its mouth, appearing to be very much offended. It stayed out as long as it liked and then flew back in the cage and went to singing. It sings almost constantly.

Wm. Ripton is home today, he has gone to church now. He is coming back to stay in two or three weeks. I am real glad of it, too. I have not heard from John Rood yet. I expect a letter from him soon.

I must tell you how I got home last Sabbath Eve., it was pretty late you know, three or four o'clock, I guess. I came in and up the stairs very still and jumped into bed as quickly as possible. O! how cold it was. I was soon asleep. Well, the first thing I was aware of was Mr. Hauchett rapping at the door and calling me. I hurried down to breakfast -- they had eaten about an hour before. Every time I would look up, Hannah (the Irish girl) would be in a broad laugh and I presume I did look rather sleepy.

I went home on Wednesday of last week. Dan Yost went with me. We started about 11 o'clock and took dinner at my sister's in Kingsboro, then went home and stayed part of the afternoon --- I had some business two or three miles from home; we went there. In the evening there was a Sewing Society at Mr. Christie's, about half a mile from home. We returned so as to be there at about eight. There was a large company, about 100 present, more like a party or donation than anything else. I saw a good many acquaintances and some strangers. My brother and two sisters were there.

Jennie Stanton, Mate's sister was there. I presume you have seen her. Miss Bonta, Ella Bonta, a young lady recently from the west quite captivated Dan; he thinks he will surely have to go to the next meeting of the Society a month hence. I believe she is a relative of the family I have heard you speak of, living near Amsterdam. We all enjoyed it very much. It was really a pleasant evening. We remained home till about noon next day and then returned -- after having such a pleasant visit, I cannot wonder that you love to stay at home so well -- there is after all no place so pleasant as a dear good home -- and mine is a pleasant home, a kind Father, an angel of a Mother, affectionate Sisters and Brother. By the way, I think my youngest sister, Ellen, will go to school here this winter. She was going to Fort Plain, but I urged her very hard to come here. She can board with me, you know, and that will be very pleasant for both of us. She is about seventeen. I think much of her. I wish you could be in town this winter, it is too bad you cannot.

I dreamed of you the other night, Mary. It was the first time I have dreamed in a long time. First, I thought we were riding. I don't know where we were going, but were having a very pleasant ride. The day was very fine. I thought such a day as that was when we went to Kingsboro last fall. Do you recollect it? Then I thought we were at your house -- you had been playing on the piano -- I was standing near you -- you were just rising from your seat by the piano. How perfectly I remember your looks. Just then I heard the bell ringing in the hall for breakfast, which awoke me and spoiled my dream.

With much love, dear Mary
William

1847968

(On the same sheet) Johnstown, November 18, 1856

Dearest Mary:

Sarah gave me your note yesterday morning. Thank you for it very much, Mary, very much, I think you will not say any thing about the shortness of my letters after this --- if you should receive a short one from me sometimes, you must remember I once sent you a letter that filled three whole sheets. Will you?

Then you are going a visiting? To be gone two weeks, are you? I think when you return it will be no more than fair that you spend two weeks in town, can't you? It will be sleighing then, I hope. --- Please don't visit too hard -- that is so as to forget quite all your friends here--- remember just one if you do not any others. Write me about twice while there, will you?

With warmest love
I am as ever, Yours truly
William D. Foote

(Winter of 1856) ?
My Room, Sunday afternoon

My Dearest Mary:

According to my promise I have seated myself to write to you once again. I really should have written you before as I received your last two weeks ago tonight. I stayed at home in my room all that evening until almost nine o'clock, then I thought Dan Walter would be back from church, so I went to the Store to see him, and John was there and gave me your letter. So I received it the same day it was written, I came to my room and read it two or three times through before I went to bed. It was a very kind letter only much too short. Were you to church this morning? I guess not, it was too cold to go anywhere and I presume the roads are drifted. Such awful cold weather, it's enough to freeze one's senses.

I long to have Spring come again. I used to like winter best, but it seems very gloomy to me now; it is true winter affords us some pleasures, but such cold and stormy weather is not very pleasant. I have not been to church today yet. There is preaching in the Baptist at three o'clock and I think I will go there, in fact I have hardly been out of my room today. I awoke when the bell rang for eight and built a fire but it was so cold I went to bed again, and slept until nearly nine. Then I went to breakfast -- we breakfast after nine now -- and have been reading part of the forenoon. There is a new tale commenced in the "Ledger", "Kannel the Scout". It is a Revolutionary story. I have been reading that. I will send them to you when it is concluded if it is so I can.

Mary, you did not think it strange that I did not wish you to take the canary when you were in town, did you? Perhaps I should have told you my reasons, but I did not -- a friend of mine has a young canary and he brought it in the Store the day before and wished to leave it for a few days with mine (or rather with yours) so it would learn to sing.

Another reason was, I was afraid it was too cold to carry it so far, although that was not a very cold day. But a canary is very tender, you know, and I thought it would be better to wait until a warmer day, for I know you would feel very badly if it should freeze to death taking it home, would you not?

John said he would be going home, he thought, some day this week and if it is warm enough he will take it. I think that will be the better way. It is very little trouble to take care of it. All you have to do is to change the paper on the bottom of the cage each morning, and give it some seeds and fresh water. I will send you some seed for it. You can feed it this part of the time and it is very fond of oats and buckwheat. You can give it canary seed some days, and then for a change some other kind, and sometimes give it a lump of sugar or a piece of apple or cracker. They have quite a large rosebush at Mr. Hauchett's. Sometimes I let him fly into that, he likes that very much, it is so natural for birds to be in trees. You will have to be very careful or your cat will catch it. If a cat can reach the cage, they can reach their paws right through, you see. You will think very much of it, I am sure. It is very tame and I think I never saw a better singer. If it gives you as much pleasure to receive it as it affords me to give it to you, I will be well repaid.

Good-bye, Mary, for the present. I am going to church now. I will finish this when I return.

9 o'clock

Have been to church twice since I was writing, to the Baptist and in the evening to the Methodist. I went there with Dan Yost, and I must tell you, for I have been laughing for the last half-hour over it, although I could not help feeling a little sorry for Dan.

He was going home with Jennie Pawling and got the mitten -- it used him up completely, he hasn't a word to say and we have been teasing him about it. I went home with Libby Potter --- Well, I wrote that line before I thought. I would erase it if I could as well as not, but perhaps that will be as interesting to you as any part of my letters, not but that you would fully appreciate them if they were as good as they ought to be, but I am afraid that instead of improving, each one I write is less and less interesting.

I must tell you I have not smoked a cigar for almost a week. Don't you think I have done pretty well? I made an agreement with a friend of mine (who is also a great smoker) not to smoke for a month or pay a forfeiture. I don't believe I will get in the habit again. I feel much better since I have stopped. I have grown fleshy, too. Several have asked me, "Why, what is the matter with you? How much better you look than you used to". Quite complimentary, is it not?

I was at your house a week ago at this time. I would give almost anything if I could see you a little while this evening, but you are sleeping no doubt before this time and I will be pretty soon, for the fire is going out and the room is getting cold, and I am very sleepy, too.

Good-night

Monday

You will be quite sick of this very long letter, really I am afraid you will, but I could not help writing a little more. It is a very dull morning and I have not much to do. I wonder what you are doing this morning. Do you not get lonely sometimes? When you have the canary it will sing for you and keep you company. I wish I could visit you a little while today. What a pleasant exchange it would be. I get tired of staying here so constantly, and very often I wish to see you. If it were so I could, you would see me so often you would wish me at home; at any rate you would see me this morning, I am sure.

Now, Mary dear, I hope you will answer this as soon as you have an opportunity. Do not do as I have, wait two weeks before you write. Please write me so that I may receive it this week. I know you will. You are always so prompt. I admire you very much for that. I wish I were as punctual. Then I shall expect a real long letter, certainly not less than twelve pages. You see I have written about fourteen. So I shall look for one nearly as long in return and as much longer as you please --- and believe me

Your very affectionate and loving
William

(On the 12th page, written vertically across the sheet is: "I shall have to ask you to excuse this envelope, it takes a pretty large envelope to hold four sheets of paper as large as these. 16 pages, just think of this letter.")

How have I thought of thee? As flies
The bird to seek its Mate,
Trembling lest some rude hand has made
The sweet home desolate;
Thus timidly I seek in thine,
The only heart that throbs with mine.

How have I thought of thee? As dreams
The Mariner of home;
When doomed o'er many a weary waste
Of waters yet to roam;
Thus doth my Spirit turn to thee,
My guiding Star o'er life's wild Sea

How have I thought of thee? As kneels
The Persian at the Shrine
Of his resplendent god, to watch
His earliest glories shine;
Thus doth my Spirit bow to thee,
My Soul's own radiant diety.
When I meet thee, dearest Mary;
When I hear thy gentle tone,
When my hand is pressed so tenderly,
So warmly in thine own;
Why then I think it is thy voice
Whose music, like the birds,

Can smoothe me with the melody
    Of sweetly spoken words;
Per chance the pressure of thy hand
    This hidden charm may be,
Or the magic, Mary, of a sigh
    That turns my heart to thee.

Well, be it either look or tone,
    Or smile or soft caress;
I know not, Mary, yet I feel
    I could not love thee less.

William.

My Room, Sunday afternoon

My Dear Mary:

It is three weeks, If I remember, since I have written you, is it not? That is a long time and since then I have received two long letters from you, and such good ones too. --- I feel I am indebted to you a longer and at least a better letter than I can write.

Were you in church today? I presume you were, it was such a pleasant morning. I was going to the Lutheran church this morning. Dan Yost said he would be at my room at ten-thirty o'clock and we were going together. I waited until it was time to go and he did not come. So I went to the Presbyterian. I saw him after church and he said he came just after I had left. I have been to church but once today, the monthly concert is in the Lutheran tonight. I am going there. Perhaps you will be there, the evenings are so pleasant. If you are I will hand you this letter if I have an opportunity.

You wished to know in your letter how I got home the other evening. I got home very well indeed and was but a little while in coming, or I think it would have been morning. I am sure it began to grow light, at least I thought so, and riding in the cool air made my head feel much better. I awoke in the morning when the first bell rang. I could hardly realize where I was, or that I had seen you only an hour or two before. It seemed like a dream -- a sweet dream --. Life would be a sweet dream indeed if I could always be with you. It would only be too short. When I spend an evening (a night rather) with you it does not seem more than half an hour. Why is it? Perhaps they seem long enough to you however -- how dreary everything looked along the road coming home. So different from what it used to last summer, for instance, that evening we rode from Mr. Heagle's, or the evening we were at Tribes Hill.

I am glad you are going to see Gettie soon. You will make a long visit, will you not? --- We should not, my dear, be too eager or even too willing to see another's faults, or to resent what they may say or do, even if it slightly displeases us. You know, my dear, we all have faults. Although I think we should cultivate a proper independence of feeling.

It is doubtful if my Sister comes here to school this winter. I heard from her last week. I was very much disappointed. She would have been so much company for me. If you were going to be in town this winter I should be very happy ---- it is very lonesome here now. I was counting up the other day, no less than ten or twelve young men with whom I was intimate a year ago are now either gone away or married. I told John Rood when I answered his letter that I was almost the only survivor.

Dan Yost is very anxious to attend the next Sewing Society in Mayfield. Would you go or not, Mary? I care very little to go to the Society unless I could make a visit at home and I could not unless we should stay all night.

I must tell you what an accident happened to the canary -- one morning last week, I think it was, that very stormy morning James Rood was in the store looking at it. It was singing away very happily, and I let it out to let him see it fly around -- I did not know the cat was in the room. It was scarcely out of the cage before she caught it. We tried to get it away from her, but she ran around the store three or four times before we could get it out of her mouth. When we took it up it appeared to be quite dead, but I held it in my hand and it came to a little. Since then it has been growing some better, but one leg is very badly hurt, I guess broken. You would feel sorry if you should see it. The poor little fellow sits on the bottom of the cage all the time and looks sad and lonely enough; it used to be so gay and happy. It has not sung at all since. I am afraid it will not again, but it may get well. I miss its singing very much; it is foolish perhaps but I was very much attached to it.

William Ripton has not come home yet, it is four weeks since I have seen him. I thought he would be home yesterday. He sent me a paper yesterday and said he would not be home in a week or two and added, "Give my respects to Mary." Ripton is a real good fellow, I miss him much more than I do John Rood.

I wish I could be with you to ride down hill on a hand sleigh. It is fine sport. I used to be very fond of it. Many a half day I have spent so. My Father used to tell me I wore out more boots in that way than I was worth. Those were very happy days, but I did not know it then.

Your affectionate
William

She Sleeps! delightful task. To watch
Her slumbers at the midnight hour.
To note breathing from her lips
That vie the budding flower.
Delightful task! would I could sit
Through life by this pure shrine,
And worshipping could ever link
Her trusting heart with mine.

A tear, such as the dewdrop leaves
    Upon the budding rose --
Hangs tremblingly upon the lash
    The drooping lids disclose.
The lids half open -- See the bow
    From the bright tear-drop given
Pure symbol of the holy thoughts
    Spanning from Earth to heaven.

A sigh the murmur of the Sea
    The Summer winds have blown,
A name upon the parted lips
    Oh, bliss! it is my own.
A joy ne'er known or felt before
    Is at this moment given
To know She mingles thoughts of me
    While yet She dreams of heaven.

Johnstown, January 19, 1857

(In 1857 the boarding place has been changed to the Cayadutta Hotel, which is on the north side of Main Street between Market and Perry Streets and is kept by Mr. Gross. It was a large wooden building with wide piazzas on two floors, across the entire front, and was but one building from the corner of Market Street, where stood the home of Judge Daniel Cady, and the girlhood home of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. The large oil painting of the Cayadutta by the artist, Edward Henry of New York, which hangs in the billiard room of the home of Mrs. Charles B. Knox of Johnstown, is of this building. Mr. John Cline, who later became one of the largest glove manufacturers of Johnstown, is his roommate.)

January 20, 1857

My Darling Mary:

I take my pen to write you in the greatest hurry imaginable. John just came in and said he was going home and, as I was going to write you tomorrow, I had nothing written. I have nothing of any importance to tell you. I may come and see you on Saturday evening but you must not expect me for certain by any means. If I do not come, then perhaps the next day. I wish to see you very much. Thank you for your long and very kind letter. I send the Ledger which I have just received.

Entirely thine
William

Well, I must tell you what I have been about today -- this morning I went to the Presbyterian church with Cline and afterward he and I were sitting in the room here until we got tired of the confinement and so we thought we would take a ride. So we hired a horse and sleigh and went to Kingsboro to Mr. Thomas'. My sister was glad to see me. I know she was and we had a good visit. She and Cline were teasing me about you, but I turned it off as well as I could. Well, Helen Van Wyck's sister married Mr. Heacock and they live close by Mr. Thomas and, as Helen visits

there, my sister is acquainted with her; and she, not even knowing that Cline was acquainted with her, was sking me about Helen. Of course I referred her to Cline and then I assure you we teased him to his heart's content. We had a cold ride coming home, the snow flew like fun. It was nearly dark when we returned and after supper I thought I would not go to church but would rather stay at home and write to you. I wish I could see you but it is getting late and I must close, wishing you good night ---

With best love
William

Friday evening

My dear Mary:

I send you some oranges. You said you did not wish for them, but I wish to send them, and if you do not like them you can divide with Gettie.

As ever your own
William

Winter of 1857
Johnstown, N.Y. Friday evening

My darling Mary:

Your kind letter was received Thursday afternoon. I had just returned from Saratoga and was glad to hear from you again. I must tell you about our visit. My brother came after me Monday afternoon. I went home with him and stayed Monday night and started Tuesday morning. We came very near giving up going, it was so stormy. I guess they would not have gone if it had not been for me. It stormed very hard and I dreaded the journey, but still I did not wish to give up going as we had made all the arrangements for going. So I told them we must not be frightened at a little gust of wind. So we concluded to go and started about eight o'clock, my sisters, brother and myself. Mother bundled me up very warm. She said rubbers were so cold, I should not wear them. So she gave me a pair of moccasins, a pair of fringe mittens and two shawls. I never was so bundled up in my life and did not get the least bit cold. We stopped at Fonda's Bush and warmed and as we were going from the wind it was not nearly as tedious as we expected.

My sister and Mr. Hoyt were very glad to see us -- Sarah especially seemed perfectly delighted. They have as pleasant a place to live as one could wish. It is no village; there are two churches close together, Presbyterian and Methodist; the country around is rich and thickly settled and it is only about three miles from Saratoga. The roads seem to be much traveled, it being on four corners. Their house is a very pretty one and the Presbyterian church, where Mr. Hoyt preaches, is close by it.

I think I never saw so pretty a view as you have about a quarter of a mile from their house towards Saratoga. It is a gradual descent from there to the village, which appears to be lying at your feet, and around

it stretches the "Plains of Saratoga" where during the Revolution the battle of Saratoga was fought and Burgoyne and his whole army surrendered to the "Rebels", those noble Patriots to whom America owes her Freedom -- and then beyond the Hudson River. Rising and mingling with the sky you can distinctly see the Green Mountains in Vermont, forming an outline to the landscape. It looks just like a beautiful picture -- beautiful now, but in the summer when everything is fresh and green, it must be perfectly enchanting. Mr. Hoyt, I think, is an excellent man and, although I believe he is a man of the deepest piety, yet he is always cheerful and will laugh as gaily as any one; still a tone of true religion and humble piety may be seen and felt in every action and word. My sister I know loves him very much and I think she must be happy, for she has a very pleasant family.

They have four children. Frances, the eldest, is a real pretty girl, black hair and eyes, red cheeks and a real little lady; then Jamie, eight or nine years old, is next and the most perfect little mischief I ever saw. He says he is coming to stay with me. But Emma is my pet. She is a quiet little girl. She formed quite an attachment to me. Then the baby about a year old, which has the honor (?) to be named after me, but he is quite too young to be much of a favorite of mine.

We had a very pleasant visit. I enjoyed it very much and felt well paid for going, and next summer my brother and myself are going there to spend not less than a week. We will take a horse and wagon and then ride to the Springs every day. Won't that be nice? My sister says that during the season visitors from the Springs are passing there constantly. Saratoga must be a splendid place in summer.

Thursday morning they took me to the cars and I came by railroad; at three o'clock I was home. I meant to have written while there but could find no opportunity to do so, but, Dear Mary, I thought of you very often. I had to stop an hour in Schenectady for the cars and I mailed a paper for you. Did you receive it?

This has been an awful cold day, seems to me the coldest of the season. Jennie Pawling gave a party at her home this week Tuesday and they said they had a very stormy ride going and coming, nearly as bad as we had two years ago when I was one of the party.

Oh Mary, I wish to see you so much. I can hardly believe it will be so long before you return, but I presume you are having a pleasant visit so I must wait. I am happy always to hear from you, and wishing you a happy visit while you stay, I remain as ever

Your truly devoted
William

Johnstown, May 5, 1857

Dear Mary:

Seeing Sarah and your mother pass by I thought it would be an opportunity of sending you a note, just a little bit of a note this time.

I came pretty near coming to see you last Sunday but I knew the roads must be muddy and I have a perfect horror of bad roads. Sarah was just in and gave me those cakes of sugar. Thank you for them.

James Rood was married this morning. I will send you the last Harper and the Ledger -- would have sent them last week but did not have an opportunity. I will like to see you sometime this week and will endeavor to if it does not rain constantly and the going is better. Perhaps Thursday or Friday evening. It is lonesome and full enough here now. I have not a word of news to write. John and Dan Yost were away last Sunday; I don't know where they were, they did not return until six or seven o'clock Monday morning. I have not another word to write, so I will close.

Your most affectionate friend
William

July 22, 1857

Ever Dear Mary:

I have only a moment to write. Please accept these oranges. I hope you will like them. I am sorry to send this little note for I was going to write you a real long letter. I thought I had ever so much to tell you. I hope you are well and happy. I wish to see you very much. My thoughts are with you constantly.

Your affectionate
William

July 25

Would have sent these on Wednesday but did not have them ready in time. I was going to write you tomorrow but as this was done up I thought I would send it just as it is. The magazine which I send has a very pretty piece of poetry "Maggie Ball". It is truly beautiful. Do write soon as I do wish to hear from you. Please preserve the magazine as it does not belong to me.

Johnstown, September 5
Sabbath Morning

My Dear Mary:

I am seated by the window with the sill for a desk on this occasion writing to you, Mary. And this is a lovely morning. The sun is shining brightly in on the piazza and the air is soft and balmy. One could scarcely feel unhappy such a morning as this (there goes the first breakfast bell). One week ago this morning I was at home. I almost wish I were going to ride home this morning. It would be fine.

I saw John last evening and what a bad accident he met with; how near it came to missing his eye. By the way, we came very near having a serious accident at the hotel yesterday morning. About three o'clock

in the morning I was awakened by the cry of Fire! Fire'. -- people were running through the halls and men, women and children were all crying Fire! as loud as they could scream. You may be certain I was out of bed quickly and I looked out in the hall and on the piazza but could not see any light. I lighted the gas and dressed myself as soon as I could and went downstairs, where a large crowd had already met. The fire was in the back yard, one of the sheds had taken fire and one end of it was all ablaze. By throwing water it was extinguished with but little damage, but it was a very narrow escape. About ten feet from the fire was a quantity of hay and straw and if it had reached that, it would have been impossible to (Rest of this letter missing)

Addressed to Whitestown
September 16, 1857

Mary my Dearest:

I have just been looking over some old letters and especially yours, Mary, they give so many thoughts and memories of past days. It was just at this time that you were in Whitestown last year, the last letter received from you there was mailed September 26th.

I stayed last night at Mr. Farmer's with Farmer Rood. He is quite unwell and urged me to do so. He thinks of returning West next week, or would if he were not sick. I did not tell the boys I was going to be away so they went to bed with the gas turned on and it burned all night. I had a long ride this morning, started at seven o'clock and did not return until noon. It was a beautiful day to ride but I did not accomplish anything that I went for and came back tired and hungry and almost provoked. But a very good dinner put me in quite an amiable mood again.

Mr. Gross gives a party at the Cayadutta on the first of October, as you will see on the enclosed cards. I don't know as I will go. Would you wish to go, Mary? The Hall when finished will be a very fine one and I presume the party will be large as it is the first. Helen Van Wyck has gone to Chicago to remain during the winter. Cline has complained a good deal recently of being unwell and I tease him and say that I know the cause of it pretty well, but he says there is nothing to it. But really I think Cline is very much in love with Miss Van Wyck.

I hope, my dear, that you will return this week, that is if you have finished your visit. It is nearly four weeks. It seems long. You have not written me a real long letter in a great while. Write such ones as you used to. Why is it that you do not? Thank you, my dear, for your last letter. It was a dear good letter -- such a one as only you could write. Let me hear from you day after tomorrow, Friday.

Your affectionate and loving friend
Wm. D. Foote

Saturday, October 24

My own loved Mary:

I have not a word to say in defense for not writing, and I am very well aware that it has been a good while since I have done so. I am quite ashamed to think of it, for by referring to my diary I see that I wrote you the 16th of September, but that was over five weeks ago. It hardly seems possible that it is so, but I shall have to believe it. I can only ask your forgiveness and promise to do better hereafter. It has not been because I had forgotten you -- I presume there has not been an hour in that time in which I have not had some thought of you. Your image is literally stamped upon my mind and heart and, if I wished to, I would not wear it away, and I promise you, my dearest, that it is very far from me to wish to.

In the year and a half of our acquaintance it has made me too happy to know that you love me truly, to ever wish to forget you or to have our friendship broken. May it never be. I am fully conscious, Mary, that you love me disinterestedly, truly, and most sincerely -- may I never be unworthy of such devoted and sacred love.

Mary, what made you seem so sad yesterday when you were in to see me? Perhaps you did not really feel so, but I thought you did. I thought I could almost see the tears starting from your eyes. I wanted to kiss you tenderly and tell you not to be so sad. I am very sad, too, very often, and much more than I used to be. I go in company very little of late and do not care to, indeed I have declined almost every opportunity of going out. I don't know why it is that I feel so, and it almost seems strange to me.

Sunday Afternoon

Dear Mary:

Not having time to finish writing yesterday I deferred it till now. I have just come in the Store and am writing by gas light. It seems just like night in here and it is almost as dark as night outdoors. It has rained, rained all day and it rains yet -- what a gloomy day it has been. Hasn't it seemed very long to you? I presume you were not to church. I well recollect two weeks ago today, and two weeks ago tonight I was at your home --- I have thought of you many times today and wished very often I could see you. I have been to church but once; most of the time have been reading Harper's and Everett's address before the New York State Agricultural Society published in yesterday's Times. It is a splendid address and I would send it to you but it is very long and perhaps you would not wish to spend time to read it. This number of Harper's is excellent. Will send it with this note.

Well, this is long enough of one letter, is it not? I know I have not written much although two sheets are nearly covered. Mary dear, you will write to me by the first opportunity, will you not? Do not follow my example of delaying for it is not a good one. I will endeavor to come and see you this week, perhaps Wednesday or Thursday; but I am

expecting to be quite busy this week. However if it is possible I will be very, very happy to see you.

Until then I remain as ever
Your own William

(His father, Jesse Finch Foote, died December 19, 1857. There is no reference to it in these letters. The following letter is not dated but was after that, probably in 1858.)

Tuesday Eve. 9 P.M.

Dear Mary:

I have been home today and returned this evening. It was bright moonlight and the roads were fine. I wished you were with me and I should have enjoyed it much better.

I had a good visit, they were very glad to see me at home, but I missed one - one I shall never see there again, and, Mary, home does not seem to me as it used to. I know that there are those there who love me very much, but one strong tie that bound me there is broken -- I feel as though I were alone. Yes, Mary, all alone but for you --- I wish I could see you tonight, Mary. It's true I have seen you often lately but I am never tired of seeing you.

With much love
William

Found among Father's papers, in Mother's hand writing. February 14, 1856
St. Valentine's Day.

Thy breath is like the flowers, my Love,
A perfume sweet to me,
And in pleasures fairy bowers, my Love
I fain would dwell with thee.

The honey dew is on thy lip
Fain would I thee entwine,
And draughts of love in gladness sip,
My heart's own Valentine.

I change but in dying, I'll be faithful till death;
I will guard thee with care from pollution's foul breath;
I promise that ne'er in neglect thou shalt pine;
I change but in dying-say, wilt thou be mine?

I come not with riches, good fortune ne'er blest me,
Yet she of less worth-miss-fortune carest me;
The light of true love o'er they pathway shall shine;
I change but in dying-say, wilt thou be mine?

I change but in dying, and no holier vow
From lips mortal e'er came than I breathe to thee now.
It comes from a heart, with love for thee sighing.
Believe me, it is true - I change but in dying.

Here, take my heart, 'twill be safe in thy keeping
While I go wandering o'er land and o'er sea;
Smiling or sorrowing, waking or sleeping
What need I care, so my heart is with thee.

If, in the race we are destined to run, love,
They who have light hearts, the happiest be.
Happier still must be they who have none, love,
And that will be my case when mine is with thee.

There let it lie, growing fonder and fonder
And should Dame Fortune turn truant to me,
Why, let her go, I've a treasure beyond her,
As long as my heart's out at interest with thee.

Your Valentine.

Saturday Dec. 26th
Saturday again - has snowed a little today - a very dull day for trade.
Daniel, Mary, and Ellen were here.

My own Dearest,

Without doubt you are at home this evening for it is so stormy and unpleasant out that your folks will not come in to church and it will be much more comfortable for you at home than riding thru the cold. And what is pleasanter than a Sabbath evening at home -- when it is cold and stormy without, to draw a cozy arm chair before a warm cheerful fire and beside those we do most love, forming a sort of family circle and surrounded by all the blest and hallowed influences of home. Such a scene is a happy one and the recollection of such an hour will linger in the memory and leave its impress upon the heart.

I remember Mary, many such Sabbath Evenings and the thought is full of pleasure even now. They have passed but I cannot and ah, I would not forget them.

And Dear Mary, I often, very often, picture to myself some happy spot, some pleasant home - where we two might nestle and be happy - There I would always love you and I know you would always love me in return. This would be my most perfect ideal of happiness, best earthly treasure. And why perhaps you say can it not be so? Mary, my circumstances are limited; sometimes I think you may consider too saving, almost penurious. I would dread the thought of taking the responsibility of a family without the means of supporting that family in ease and independence- without a home that we could call <u>our own</u>. But Mary, to have such a home, to enjoy it with <u>you</u> - to live and labor for your happiness would be my

highest aim and wish. How many a prayer have I breathed that I might be rich - God only knows - but then I would ask for wealth only what was necessary for your happiness and mine....

To Whitestown
Feb. 28th, 1858

My very dear Mary,

Your very welcome letter was received on Monday last - and Saturday's mail brought me another that was read with equal pleasure, and so being doubly indebted to you I have taken it upon myself this delightful afternoon to answer them in my poor way. When your first letter came I meant to write you the next day, but that night, you know, the ball came off here. I did not join at all but sat up late and when I did go to bed there was such a noise I did not sleep a wink. So you may be sure I did not feel first rate next day and I was away from home part of the day and so really had no opportunity to write then. And after that the thought I would let it go till Sunday. I always feel more like writing Sundays. I must tell you - When I got that letter yesterday afternoon from the office I was busy and the Store was full and I went to the back of the Store to read it. While I was standing there reading, John Peck, (Miss Peck's father, I have heard you speak of her) came in and coming up where I was he says "Why, Foote, what are you doing way back here - got a love letter, I'll bet - Yes I know you have got a love letter - now ain't I right?" And so he kept on teasing but I did not stop reading- "Well, I wanted to buy a Tub of Butter." So I turned around and showed it to him and told him the price. "O" says he pleasantly, "I see I can't deal with you just now" and went out. In about a half an hour he came back and I sold him the butter very quickly. After he had paid for it he said "Well, I thought I could make a bargain with you after you had finished reading that letter."

I have but little news to write you- I am in town yet as you see- have not been to Saratoga and have not seen my brother. Last week would have been a good time to have gone. I don't know why they did not- The ball passed off very well, it was a large party-- Now, Mary, have I not written enough of such a foolish letter as this. Visit fast and then you can return soon. Please accept with the very best love of

Your own
William

To Whitestown
Sunday afternoon

My own Dearest,

Your last was received with the same feelings of pleasure that welcome anything from you. Yes, I think with more than usual pleasure. When the mail came in that afternoon I was in the Post Office and waited while it was being distributed- I watched my box eagerly but for a long time there was nothing came in it but one or two brown envelopes- I was just thinking "I shall not hear from her today" when almost the last

letter in the mail was thrown in mine and a White Envelope. My heart beat hard and fast- I knew it was from you- I can always tell your letters- and I assure you I was soon reading it and as you wished me to answer it today, I will be punctual and do so.

This is a rather unpleasant day, though the sun shines once in a while, and then it begins to rain. Cline and myself have just returned from a walk- the sun was shining nicely when we started and we walked as far as William Livingston's House and just turned around to come back when it began to rain- We had overcoats but got a little wet.

Dan Walter came to town last evening--he is going to remain at Canajoharie. His uncle Edward has assisted him to buy out a ready made Clothing and Furnishing Establishment there and he is going in business. I hope he will do well- he is going to take tea and stay with me tonight, he said. He and Will Van Voast and myself attended the Lutheran Church this morning- Your folks were not in.

.....

He then tells of the death and funeral that day of a young man who for 10 years had been in the printing office of Mr. Walter Clark; the service by Mr. Senderling, and that he had been asked by Mr. Clark to bring some fruit from Schenectady for this young man on his way home from Saratoga, and then writes:

.....

Mary, you and I must die; let us live so as to be missed- Yes, and we must die alone- friends can only go with us to the Gates of Death, beyond that they cannot go and we shall need a Stronger Arm then to support us.

Mary, please come home this week, Can't you? I hope you will. Still I do not wish to appear impatient at your stay. I wish you to remain as long as you wish; but I want to see you very much, my dear. Your Magazine has come. It is bound in Morocco and gilt edge and the word "Mary" stamped on the front cover in gilt letters. When you come home I will give it to you. Now write soon-- Please accept this with the entire love of

Your own William

Johnstown, May 10, 1858

My own Dear,

I just saw your Grandfather pass by and I could not help sending you a line or two. Your letter the other day gave me much pleasure and I had but little more than finished it when you came. I was quite surprised- very agreeably surprised however-- Yesterday seemed like a very long day to me. I was so lonesome I could hardly endure it- how I wished to see you. I am never so happy as when near you, but I shall see you soon I hope. I almost count the hours till Thursday.

Please accept this as from one who loves you and thinks of you constantly.

William

Saratoga N. Y.
July 9, 1858

My own dear Mary,

If you can read the first words of this note and I hardly think you can, at least I don't think I could a week from now, you will see where I am. And as I believe I promised to write to you from here I have come in Mr. Hoyt's Study for the purpose of doing so, and this is the only paper I could find.

You will notice the ruling is very wide. I presume he uses it for writing sermons, but I think one or two sheets will be used for a different purpose this morning. This is a beautiful morning and the sun is shining brightly in the room- We came from home yesterday- started quite early in the morning and had a long drive and it was very warm riding most of the time. I was quite tired when we got here.

Last evening after tea we drove to the Springs. It is very gay there now- visitors are coming in constantly and the Hotels seem to be full and all along the Piazzas of the boarding houses some of them extending from one street to another, you can see crowds of people walking, sitting, talking and some of them no doubt flirting- The Streets are full of fine carriages and around the Springs crowds are drinking the water- don't you believe I drank six glasses last evening and I like it very much. I am going to bring some home and will send you a bottle of it, but it is not as good any other way as right from the Spring.

I would like very much, dear Mary, to know how you are now. I received your little note of Wednesday and was very glad you were improving. I hope you will soon be well again, and Mary, tomorrow I shall expect to hear from you. I shall inquire at the office firmly expecting a letter, and if I do not, shall be very disappointed. If it does not come by Saturday you see, I cannot get it for on Monday we shall most likely come home.

We are going to the Springs in a little while. We are all going- my Brother and Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt- The children are going to school. We are going to stay till afternoon, and are going to Saratoga Lake and to an Indian Encampment, which is some where near there, and I am going to drink Spring water all day. I am expecting a fine time but fear it will be very warm, just now my foot (not yours) happened to be on the floor where the sun was shining thru the window on the carpet, and it burned so I was glad to remove it. I have on those Slips you made for me. My sister admired them very much. She asked what they cost. I told her I had forgotten. They are very nice, Mary, and I fell much obliged to you every time I wear them. My brother just called me saying they were all ready to go. Good-bye now till I see you again.

With the best love of
Your own William

Johnstown, Tuesday Evening.

My own Mary,

Having leisure tonight I thought I would write you as I promised, and Mary, you will have to give me credit for being punctual this time.

Last evening at this time you were in town. I wish you were here now. It would be beautiful to walk, it is so much warmer than it was last evening. You must have had a fine ride this morning going home, the air was cold but bright and clear and to ride such mornings the air seems to impart its brightness to one's self.

I saw you this morning, just a glance as you passed by Main Street going up William Street. Miss Peake, I believe must have gone home with you.

I see by the evening paper that your Uncle with the Utica Company passed thru Schenectady this morning on their way home. They must have had a splendid time in Saratoga. The Band that was with them was the best I ever heard.

I am going home Saturday if nothing happens. My Sister Mrs. Hoyt will be at home then and I expect her and her husband to see me Friday. Mr. Hoyt will preach at Mayfield Sunday. I have never heard him preach but once and that was in July when my Brother and I were at Saratoga. They were married about ten years ago when they removed immediately to Hastings, Michigan, where Mr. Hoyt had been settled a year or two before. They remained until about two years ago, when they removed to Saratoga.

How well I remember my Sister's first visit home about two years after she was married. I know it was early in the Spring she came, and brought her little daughter Fanny with her. She had been very sick the winter before of a fever that passed thru the village where they lived. She used to write very often regularly, then there was a long interval and we wondered why they did not write. At last there came a letter from Mr. Hoyt telling us our sister was very sick, so sick that there was scarcely any hope of her recovery, and the doctor said she would never be any better---- Then there was another period of suspense and anxious waiting and another letter came and she was better, and when Spring came and she was able to return home on a visit, you may imagine, Mary, with what feeling she was welcomed home.

I have not been very well today. That pain in my side has been very severe. I have been to see Dr. Maxwell. He says it is nothing serious and I hope it is not, but it has troubled me so long, but we will see.

Wednesday Evening.

Miss Alice gave me your kind little note this morning. Thank you for it, Mary. Your Grandfather was in the Store this forenoon and I would have given him this note if it had been finished, but I wished to write a few lines more, and another time will do as well.

Mary, I think that friend of yours must have had a very low opinion of me to think what has happened would make any change in my feeling towards you. It is for you I care, Mary, not for your brothers and I certainly could not blame you for what they do.

I do not think you are much like them and I am glad you are not.

I am almost sorry you told me of what Byron said of me or wish you had told me sooner, but let it pass by, Mary. It will all be alright I hope. And I hope you and I may see happier days than these. At present I know I have scarcely a wish or hope that does not center upon you and I believe you are every way worthy of the sincere love I feel for you. I do not know when I can come and see you but I think some evening next week.

There are some excellent articles in the Atlantic this month, I think. The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is very good. The last of it on "My last walk with the School Mistress"- I think I never heard a case of "popping the question" that was done more neatly than that, and the poetry the "Bloody Hand" is very beautiful.

As ever your most affectionate
William

.....

The trouble to which he refers was the failure of Mother's brothers Byron and John in the Drygoods Store. Their father (Grandfather Levi) had signed notes with them for the full amount of his interest in the farm. Grandfather John Henry owned 100 acres but the whole amount above that had to be sold and he had to start all over again. It was a very bad failure.

.....

August 17,

My dear Mary,

I can only send you an apology for a letter just now. I commenced a letter for you yesterday afternoon and was going to finish it today, but I was more busy than usual this forenoon and so it was not completed or I would have sent it with your Grandfather and Grandmother and now I shall only have time to write a little note for if nothing happens Billy V.V. and myself are going to Saratoga tomorrow and will start early, so as to get there about 10 o'clock, before it becomes so very warm. I will drop this in the office and you will receive it perhaps tomorrow.

I hope we will have a pleasant time, but I almost dread so long a ride again. But Billy is anxious to go. We shall return Friday morning.

How much these troubles work upon your Grandfather and Grandmother. I am sorry for them. They take it so hard; it seems wrong that these troubles should come upon them now in their old age. It is too bad. Try and cheer them up Mary and make them forget it.

My Brother was in town yesterday, he has been unfortunate, he poisoned his feet with ivy and has scarcely been able to go out for almost two weeks, but is getting better now.

He came out on purpose he said to make me a visit and we did have a very pleasant one; and my sister was here today. I promised to make her a visit next week.

You will be in the village soon, will you not? We must take another ride on the pond, can't we?

Only think how early we must get up tomorrow, about 3 o'clock-- I will close, sending the best love of

Your own.
William

Wednesday Morning

My own darling,

As I told you last evening, I commenced a letter for you on Sunday and last night when I came home I thought I would finish it but somehow I could not write anything then. So I tore it up and thought I would commence this morning anew, but I can't promise anything better. In fact I don't feel like writing, I do not know why it is unless because I have not written in so long a time. I believe that does make a difference for I know I have friends to whom I have owed letters for more than six months. If I had written them then it would have been easy enough, but now I should hardly know what to say if I should commence a letter to them. It is a fact the longer you delay anything, the harder it is to do it. Is it not so?

I love you truly and sincerely, and if I loved you in the first days of our acquaintance I love you better now.

We certainly have known each other long and intimately and when you are away I am constantly thinking of you-- and when you have been in the village for a few days, and when you go home, even though I have seen you but little I feel an indescribable lonliness as though every friend was gone. Mary, if the time ever comes when we are married, I am sure that I at least will be happier and better.

Miss Van Arnam was just in and returned those Magazines.

So when I finish this letter I will take them and this note to you and then I can see how John is. I have not heard this morning. I hope he is better. John should think a great deal of you, Mary. I guess you are the truest friend John has. You do a great deal for him. You are very kind to him.

Mary, now I shall look for a letter from you today. May I not? You can sit down in your room where it is quiet and write a real long letter, and a much better one than this for I have had every thing to bother me this morning.

Your best friend,
William

Johnstown, Saturday

My dear Mary,

You will no doubt be surprised to receive a letter from me for it has been a long day since we have corresponded and though the subject

will not be a pleasant one, yet I think never the less it is my duty to do so....Perhaps you may be, but more probably you are not, aware that of late I have been considerably embarressed for means to carry on my business with, although it is a fact I most reluctantly confess. But in order you may correctly understand, I will commence at the beginning.

I commenced business here about five years ago--I was then about nineteen years old and I can assure you I had very little capital to start with-- but the stock which I bought of Mr. Lee was quite light and did not amount to many hundred dollars-- with a little help I paid for about half of it and gave my note with Daniel and Harvey (which was difficult) for the balance to be paid in one year. I borrowed about two hundred dollars to commence with, rented the Store and so started. When the year came round I had been pretty successful and was able to take up the note of Mr. Lee. But at this time Mr. Lee had made up his mind to move West and would not hire the building longer but would Sell. So with Daniel I gave my note for the amount, payable one half in one year and the balance in two years. When the two years came around both notes were paid and at about the same time was required to pay the money I had borrowed to commence with. This brings us up to about two years ago and although considerable money had been made in this time, yet altogether it left me pretty short. Still I got along very well. A wealthy firm in Albany with whom I had traded a good deal kindly offered to help me and so I have paid them interest on two or three hundred dollars ever since. Recently they have become some what embarressed and although they say they are as willing as ever to help me, yet they are positively unable to do so-- consequently sometime ago I gave them a Bank note for the amount and that Note will fall due in about one month and without any prospect of my being able to meet it, I fear----besides this my Stock of goods is low and I do not have the goods in my line that are called for and as a consequence I am losing customers every day which mortifies me more than I have words to express. While my neighbors around me have plenty of money to carry on their business I am obliged to suffer every inconvenience and loss for lack of money to compete with them. There was a story among the ancients of one Tantalus (hence the word tantalize) who for some crime was condemned to suffer the most unearthly thirst while grapes and water were within his reach. I have often thought that my case was as deplorable as that.. My troubles are making me prematurely old and fretful and when I look at myself and see how thin I am, however unwilling I may be to confess it, I know too well the cause and I have made up my mind that if no remedy can be had, I will sell out at any sacrifice so that I can get rid of this vexation.

I would rather labor ever so hard than to endure my troubles longer. Another thing is I have been obliged to credit some and although I have trusted as little as possible, I have several hundred dollars standing out, most of it is good but the times are hard and it will come in slowly and is not to be depended on. This is the way things are. I dislike very much to bring my troubles on you and have dreaded very much to tell you this, yet I think it is best I should do so. And now the question comes-- is there no remedy for this-- The only one on Earth I know is this and it is of this I wish to ask you. If I should ask him do you think your Grandfather would assist me to raise some money? Perhaps he might and perhaps not. He had a bitter lesson of his helping John and Byron and would fear another of the same. Still he can do so with perfect safety, for let what will happen, Daniel will be interested, which will secure him from the possibility of any

loss--besides the amount would not be very large, perhaps more might be desirable, but with five hundred dollars, say all there is owing and be able to buy goods entirely for cash as I desire very much to do, by doing so I could buy goods cheaper and business would be much pleasanter for me. Ever since I have been in trade I have been obliged to buy mostly on time, which was a great disadvantage and some loss. I will show you the difference. Supposing I buy a bill of goods amounting to 500 dollars on time; when I have bought them if I say to them I have the money today for those. How much will you deduct for cash-- They will say five percent, which on the bill amounts to 25 dollars. That is so much saved. If I buy a bill of that amount every month, in one year I would have saved nearly three hundred dollars, compared with which the interest of the five hundred dollars would be but little. Besides if we do not keep a clerk and I can get along very well without one, that will be a saving of at least 150 dollars a year. So you see that with this help I could get along quite well. My business would be large enough and quite profitable and without it I can do nothing. This is all. Do you think I had better ask your Grandfather or not?

William

(It is difficult to determine just when this letter was written but believe it must have been in the summer of 1858. Grandfather John Henry apparently helped him willingly, and when he was ready to pay it back, after he and Mother were married, asked him to keep it and pay him the interest, adding "It will be Mary's some day.")

The next several letters are addressed to Whitestown, Care of I. J. Gray, Cashier.

October 7, 1858

My dear Mary,

I had not thought of writing you so soon but the idea just came across me that if I sent it tomorrow I must write this evening and that I could now as well as any time.

Your Grandfather and Grandmother and John were in the village today. Your Grandmother was in to see me and she told me something that will be news to you. Your Aunt and her family, I presume from Indiana are visiting at your house. They came very unexpectedly and are going to remain next week. They were very anxious to see you and wished very much to send for you to return home, but your folks thought it best that they should not.

They are very pleased with their Western home. They have been trying to induce your people to remove there.

Your Grandmother told me this, so of course I can repeat it to you. I am sorry about your trunks. John was saying there would be no doubt but you would get them, but I fear you may experience some inconveniences from the delay.

I received your letter yesterday and was glad you wrote so soon after your arrival. I hope you will have a very pleasant visit. I shall think of you almost constantly and will write to you often.

I took a long ride with Cline yesterday, several miles beyond Fonda's Bush. It was a most splendid day to ride, quite a contrast from today. We returned about three O'clock when I found your letter and you may be certain I proceeded to read it without much delay. Friday Evening just before tea Cline came in and asked if I did not want to ride out and see my Sister. He said he was going that way and would like my Company. Of course at my Sister's we had a good visit. She inquired after you and so did Mr. Thomas. About 11 o'clock he came after me.

So you see he does not stay very late....Cline said it was a pity 'Mary and Helen did not live near each other for it would be so much pleasanter he thought if we could go together.'

I have not the least doubt but they will be married. And I think they are engaged.

It is amusing to hear people talk about us. I hear it from all sides that we are to be married in two or three weeks without any doubt. They are all decided on that, and today Mike Yost asked me "How soon I was going to Whitesboro?" I should suppose people would have become quite tired of talking before now. Wouldn't you?

They have a good story about Kate Guylar and Abbott in reference to his proposing to Kate. The boys were teasing him about it today--- and the doctor did not know what to say about it.

It is nine o'clock and I will close for tonight-- You will write me soon, Dear Mary, Will you not?

Accept this with the kindest regards of

Your own William

October 10, 1858

Dearest One:

Your letter came yesterday and with your request I have seated myself to answer it, but it has been so short a time since I did write I fear I shall not be able to say anything interesting or that you will care to hear. It is Sunday afternoon and I am sitting in my room with John Rood. He came down a while ago and is going to spend part of the afternoon with me.

Cline has gone away, else I would be alone. We have been talking awhile. Now we are both writing, but not at the same table.....

Monday Morning

If you remain West as long as you talked of - it will seem a great while-- to me at least.

Dan Yost and Will Van Voast came home Friday and returned today.

The Synod of the Lutheran Church met here you know Saturday.

Yesterday I went there to church but it was so crowded that we could not get seats so we did not remain long. Your people were in, and Byron's family with Amelia Walter and another lady.

I met Gettie the other day. She inquired after you and wished me to tell you that you should write to her. Last evening I attended the Presbyterian Church and it seems lonesome there. I thought of the evening two weeks ago when we were there together, and as often wished you were with me then.

Dearest Mary, write to me soon again and write a long letter, three sheets full, that will not be any too long. Do not forget me, but believe me

Your most affectionate
William

October 14, 1858

Dear Mary,

Enclosed I forward you a letter. I presume it is from Joe McNeice. In the paper which you sent there was a paragraph in which I felt a deep interest. I mean the fire which occurred at Little Falls night before last, by which Messrs. Rathbun & Co. with whom I have traded so long lost their Flouring Mills.

Today the Montgomery County Fair is held at Fonda and many people have gone from here.

Received your kind letter this afternoon. Please write soon again.

As ever your own
William

Johnstown, Oct. 2, 1858

Darling Mary,

Yours of the 26th came Tuesday. I need not tell you with how much pleasure I read it over and over again.

Before I opened it I thought it was a very light letter, and not until I had read the first page did I discover that there was more than one sheet but I found seven well filled pages. Thank you for it Mary, and if I do not write as long a letter in return, do not think it is

because I do not wish to write more but there is really very little news to tell of. There is little going on worth mentioning.

The days are beautiful, bright and clear but the evenings are too cool to be really pleasant in the open air.

I think you have been well favored in regard to weather during your visit. We have not had much stormy weather since you have been away.

I was down to look at the Methodist Church today. It looks very well indeed. I think it will be the most pleasant Church in town. It will be completed in about a week. Then you will see your old School-mate. It is strange she wished you to write and then failed to give her residence, but mistakes are often made. I recollect sometime since, I sent an order to a firm in the City for goods and forgot the most important part of signing my name, but they knew my writing so well that they filled the order and then told me what I had done.

By the way, I suppose we are going to have a line of telegraph from Johnstown to Fonda. At least it is talked of. Quite an idea, isn't it?

There was a wedding here yesterday, Abram Pierson (Em's brother) to Miss Dunn. They have been keeping company for quite a number of years. They started immediately on a visit to his Sister's at Ogdensburg. If it is true as is often remarked that the future will resemble the marriage day, their's will be a happy life.

Now Mary dear, I have come to the main object in writing and that is in regard to your coming home. The pleasantest thing you said in your last letter was that you thought you would come next week, and Mary do not fail to do so if you can come then. Let me plan a little for you. You come say next week on Wednesday. Do not wait longer than that. Start from there at nine in the morning and you will be here at two. Then I will take you home that Evening, or any time you wish. You will do that, will you not? Write to me so I can get a letter on Monday, and Mary say you are coming Wednesday or before if you will.

You will then have been away four weeks or more and that surely is a long visit.

I will write no more this time, dear. If this seems short please excuse it and do not forget what I have told you.

Good-bye and believe me as ever

Your own affectionate
William

Thursday

Dearest Mary:

Your Mother gave me your letter. Mrs. Thomas, My Brother and my Sister Ellen were here today and remained all the afternoon. And Mary

I told him we would go. We did not decide the day, but either the 19th or 26th of next Month.

We reckoned the expense of going which will be considerable and if we conclude it will be too much why we need not go so far.

It required a good deal of Courage for me to Say Yes, but now that I have done it I know I am happier far than if I had decided otherwise. They have just gone away. Mrs. Thomas said she was truly happy we were going to be married. I can write no more now for I fear your folks will return but shall not consider this an answer to your letter.

With all love
I am as ever
William

Johnstown Dec. 25.

My Dear Mary,

Sarah gave me your letter about five minutes since, and so I will write you and send it when she returns.-- It is very true as you say-- I have indeed been very negligent in writing to you. I will write to you oftener now and Mary soon it will be different and we will not need to write for then we shall see each other. As you say I can hardly believe we are going to be Married So Soon. It seems like a dream to think of it but the time is fast hurrying on, in less than four weeks it will be here. I think very much about it. But Mary, I cannot say that I dread it, on the contrary I often long for the time to come.

I know the responsibility will be great, but Mary if we endeavor to do our duty- if we study each other's happiness and faithfully try to promote the happiness of Each--if in all things we try to do right--not trusting in our own Strength but in One that is higher than we--we need not fear for it will be well with us.

My Brother was here yesterday. He thinks we had better have it the 19th. That will be three weeks from next Wednesday. I believe he proposed that we should be married Early in the Morning in time to attend his wedding at 10 or 11 o'clock, but I fear it would be a long cold ride in a Sleigh but I will leave it to you.

I have not spoken to your Father or Grandfather in reference to it but Mary I will the next time I am at your house.

I went to see Byron as soon as you left Thursday.

Mary come in tomorrow and remain will you not? I guess I will attend your church in the morning and then will see you. I will write no more at present.

With the best love of your own
William

Saturday Morning half past twelve
January 1, 1859

My own Dearest,

A Happy New Year, Mary, and I am sure I shall wish you a Happy New Year first, for this year commenced but a half an hour ago.--and what are you doing up at this late hour of the night perhaps you wish to know. I will tell you Mary. I am in a sick room. Old Mr. Haughett with whom I boarded nearly two years you recollect, is very sick and the family wished to have me come and sit up with him. I was aware it would be very tedious for me for I never sat up with a sick person before but the old man used to be very kind to me when he was well and I could not refuse to do this little for him now.

I received your letter on Thursday eve- was glad to hear you arrived safely. Your Father was in today and thought he would hear from you or Sarah whether you were coming on Saturday or not. He waited until the mail came at 5 1/2 o'clock and as nothing came he concluded you were not coming. I told him what you wrote me.

John returned today, he went home and when he came back he brought a pair of fur cuffs which one of the Yanney girls left at your house the other evening. I gave them to Isaiah. He said he was coming for me Saturday to make New Year's Calls.

Byron and Gettie and Mr. and Mrs. Vandusen came to see me this Evening. Mrs. Van and Gettie were in high spirits - don't you believe Mr. V. weighs 135- they borrowed a pitcher to take some ale home. Mr. Vandusen said he was going to get them all tight.

I thought it was a pity Miss Walter could not be with them to help drink it.----

There is a large party at the Hotel tonight. I presume they are having gay times while I am in a sick chamber and writing to you, Mary, but I am well content, for I do it from choice. I might be there if I wished, John attends I believe.

How differently time passes when with you.--then an evening seems like a dream, now it appears like an age.

I will write no more tonight dear Mary, hoping to see you very soon. I almost fear to mail this letter thinking you will return before you receive it but your Uncle would forward it to you, would he not? If you do not return Saturday, write again.

Accept with the best love of
Your William

This is a letter from Fannie Scott, wife of Irvin Scott, written from Swarthmore, Pa. in November 1903 to her uncle William Darius Foote of Johnstown, New York.

My dear Uncle,

I have been thinking over the things I had to be thankful for this year, and among my blessing I count the fact that I have had you for an Uncle. So I thought I would just write a letter to tell you so.

You were one of the pleasures of my childhood. I remember so well when Mother would come home from Johnstown with a wagon load of things that seemed so wonderful to us. Then as I grew older I learned to admire your patience and character. As Mother used to say, "You will always find Uncle William doing the right thing." So I have, and it seems to me now, that is a great cause for thankfulness. To have known and loved such a person. You have been a great source of inspiration to me when I found it hard to be good. So from the bottom of my heart I thank the Lord for you as an Uncle.

I am so glad to hear that you are better and hope it may continue. We are all going to Daisy's for Thanksgiving. Then they all come home Christmas. With a great deal of love to you all,

Your niece,
Fannie

November the twenty-fifth

From Father's Diary.

Tuesday Dec. 15, 1857
Mary was in toward evening. Told her of Father's sickness and showed her his miniature. I felt sad and she asked why. I promised to write to her tomorrow.

Saturday Dec. 19, 1857
This has been a day which by me will be long remembered. Mr. Laird came in about eleven o'clock and told me Father was dead! How the stroke fell upon my soul! I was aware that his time was short for this world but did not think it would be so soon. Writing a brief note to Mary telling her of it, and closing the store, I returned home. Sad and lonely ride; How many things reminded me of my good Father now dead and gone. Took Sarah Robertson home in the evening. Orilla and Mary were at home.

Sunday Dec. 20, 1857
A cold morning-rode to Mayfield- Took Sarah Hogeboum and Harvey came home with me. Sister Sarah and Zerah and Starr (Hoyt) came today. I had not seen her for some time. She thinks I neglect her- but I do think much of her truly. The funeral will be tomorrow at 11 o'clock. Saw my Father's remains today for the first...looks very natural. Will stay at Robert's tonight.

Monday, Dec. 21, 1857

This morning was bright and beautiful, there is no snow on the ground. All my brothers and sisters living were at the funeral to pay the last sad tribute of respect to our good Father. Mr. Wood preached the sermon- then in that quiet parlor where he had so often been seen- the mourning relatives were gathered around the departed one- how my soul mourned- but he is not lost, ah no!

He was a good man, a Christian and he has gone home to heaven. "Blessed are the dead." &c- We buried him near his kindred, there to rest in peace. His life has been one of much toil- he labored for the welfare of his family, depriving himself of many things for their welfare, but he can rest now. How much I and all of us owe to him. May his memory ever be dear to me. I have his and Mother's likeness which I prize most dearly. Ah, my good mother. I will try to be more gentle and kind to her. She is my very best Friend on Earth.

Tuesday Dec. 22nd.

Returned home Monday Eve. after dark. Has rained nearly all day. Has been dull and lonely.

Wednesday Dec. 23rd.

Have been busy nearly all day- trade very good. Had a long dear letter from Mary full of love and good wishes. She wrote it on Saturday. I was home that night. Ah, I can hardly realize that my Father is dead.

Thursday Dec. 24th.

A cold day- Trade rather dull- J. H. Cross's child, little Wells, was buried today. There were five by the name of William as bearers. I was one. Will write Mary again tonight as she said her folks will be in to church tomorrow.

Friday Dec. 25th.

This is Christmas Day. There is nothing much going on- there is scarcely any sleighing at all. Mary was in to church.

CHAPTER VII

Early Married Life

The weddings of the two brothers, Daniel and William Darius Foote, were at the homes of the brides at high noon on January 19, 1859. Daniel's was near Galway, Saratoga County, to Ruth Hoyt, daughter of Judd and Rachel (Alexander) Hoyt. This was attended by most of the members of the Foote family, for the Hoyts and the Footes were friends from the early days in Connecticut. William Darius and Mary Catherine Shults were married at the Shults homestead, which I have described, at Albany Bush, Fulton County. Of his family, his sister Orrilla and her husband Elliot Thomas from Kingsboro were there.

It was a clear, cold morning and I am sure the house was attractive and cheerful, whether the ceremony was in Grandmother Mary's part of the house, or in the parlor of Grandfather Levi and Grandmother Rebecca, which was on the second floor in the southeast corner over Grandmother Mary's living room. This to my childish mind was a beautiful room, with a Brussels carpet, quite light, with bunches of red roses. The furniture was mahogany and there was Aunt Sarah's piano. The room was heated with a parlor wood stove.

Some years ago, in wishing to join the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, it was necessary to give some proof of the marriage of my parents. From the records of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, copied for me in beautiful script by the pastor, was the following:*

MARRIED

1859
Jan. 19th.
In Johnstown, at bride's father's - Levi Shults, Esq.
William Darius Foote, Merchant
&
Mary Catherine Shults

Attest - Parents, grandparents, brothers, sister of bride,
Martin Lefler and wife, Mrs. Senderling and Daughter.

(By) Rev. P. Z. Senderling, Pastor.

When Mother asked Mr. Senderling to marry her, she told him she wanted him to perform the ceremony if he would leave out the word "Obey", which he did. I remember asking Cousin Belle Striker if she were at the wedding, but she said: "No, only father and mother were there, but Grandmother Mary sent me a package of cake, all for myself."

* From the "Book of Records" of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Johnstown, N. Y. Page 100. Copied by Rev. Herbert Finch, Pastor.

Amsterdam was the meeting-place for the wedding trip to New York. Both parties were about ten miles distant, William and Mary Catherine to the west and Daniel and Ruth to the east. Unfortunately I cannot recall ever hearing much of the wedding or of the wedding trip. In all probability William D. had a livery sleigh to take him to his wedding, and later to Amsterdam. Of Daniel's wedding I have been told something by a nephew of the bride, who at that time was five years old, John Watson. He is now a man of eight-three years, still hale and hearty and for many years a resident of Johnstown. He was an orphan and his home at that time was with his Grandfather Hoyt.

He remembers a large number of people being there, but he was more interested in the teams of horses that came than in the people and thought he spent most of the time out-of-doors. He recalls well the fine team which the bridegroom drove when he arrived with the members of his family, and more especially when the time came for the bride and groom to start away. The driver was a younger brother of the bride, Alexander Hoyt, then a student at Union College. Later in the day he drove the Foote family home, making a stay of a few days. He remembers the gray overcoats of the same style, which the bridegrooms had purchased, and how fine they looked as they wore them in the years following. He knew, too, that they attended Henry Ward Beecher's church and heard him preach. Henry Ward Beecher's mother was a Foote belonging to the same family.

When they returned, William and Mary Catherine had arranged to board in the family of James M. Dudley on William Street. Mr. Dudley was one of the prominent lawyers of that time in Johnstown, and the families were always friends. Mother was very fond of the oldest daughter, Ella (Dudley) Dennison, and I have many remembrances of her during my childhood. She died quite recently and I am sure had I thought to ask her, she could have told me much of Mother's early life. She was one of the Charter Members of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Johnstown and a very regular attendant. We always met as warm friends. One of the sons, Harwood Dudley, was always Father's lawyer whenever he needed legal advice. Of the girl friends Mother had in Johnstown, she used to speak most often of Mary Senderling and Margaret Robb.

Mother and Father after a time went to housekeeping on the northwest corner of William and Clinton Streets, and much of the furniture used had been saved and stored for Mother from furniture in the Gray homestead when her Grandfather and Grandmother Gray went to live with their son, Henry, in Steuben County. They were the antiques we have always had in our house: a large, low mahogany chair and three straight chairs with bunches of grapes carved on the back; a very handsome cherry table, the legs with a spiral twist; five dining room chairs and a small rocker to match, with rush bottomed seats and carved backs, also with a spiral twist; a small, mahogany stand with spool legs; a large, wooden rocker with spindles in the back; a two-piece mirror in a gilt frame; and two spool bedsteads. They were mostly of the American Directoire Period.

My Mother had a happy disposition and was a wonderful cook and skillful with her needle. Father no doubt was working hard to get along with as little help in the store as possible, but I think their life together must have been happy.

I have heard of a visit his sister Orrilla made them not long after they returned from their wedding trip. It is especially remembered because father wanted her to have her picture taken. She finally consented if he would go with her and have his taken also. This is a very nice daguerreotype; Father, looking very young at twenty-two, is seated, and Orrilla, wearing a pretty little bonnet tied under her chin and a shawl, is standing. The picture meant very much in the family, for it was the only one she had ever had taken, and early in March of that year she died at the birth of a daughter.

I have heard the story of Uncle Daniel and Aunt Ruth going for a walk to the lower barn (which was Grandfather Jesse's and some distance from the house) on this first mild March day. When they returned Uncle Elliot had been there and gone, leaving this new-born baby, whose mother had died. This baby, who became Grace (Thomas) McFalls and of whom I see a great deal in these later years, in speaking of this the other day said: "What a terrible thing for Aunt Ruth. It was hard enough to have to live in her husband's family, without having a squalling baby in whom she had no interest thrust on her." And then: "What a wonderful thing that your father persuaded my mother to have her picture taken. If it had not been, I should never had seen my mother's face." Years later, each of these portraits was enlarged separately to cabinet size. Grace had her mother's done in water colors and framed -- a beautiful picture.

Grace was at the Foote homestead most of the time for several years. Some time later her father and her mother's sister, Mary, were married. After that Grace spent part of the time in her father's home, but when she was old enough to go to school she was back with her grandmother and Aunt Ellen, who was the only daughter left in the old home. By this time the house had been enlarged; Uncle Daniel had the west side with an extension to the south, and Grandmother and Aunt Ellen the east side, with Grace making her home with them.

William and Mary Catherine after a few years moved from the William Street house to a double house on Melcher Street, which gave them more room. The other side was occupied by the Uhlinger family. They had come from Switzerland and were very fine people. The father, Mr. Philip Uhlinger, was a cabinet maker and had started a furniture store in Johnstown. Mrs. Uhlinger became one of mother's greatest friends. The daughter, Margaret, was a very fine musician, and the son, John, continued his father's business and was one of the prominent business men of Johnstown.

Father's letters to Mother stopped with their marriage, but I found one, written to her while on a visit to Whitesboro, which gives quite a picture of their life at this time. There were two little daughters -- Alice Gray and Carrie Shults. Allie was with Mother on this visit, and Aunt Ellen was keeping house for Father and taking care of baby Carrie.

Johnstown, Oct. 14th, 1863

Dear Mary,

I received your letter this afternoon and was very glad to hear had reached your journey's end in safety. We are getting along pretty well. Miss Youngs came on Saturday and stayed till yesterday -- Miss McLaren stayed Saturday night and today your Grandfather and Sarah came in, and Sarah is going to stay with Ellen. So she has been pretty well supplied with company.

Carrie takes your absence very hard. She does not cry very much and is generally good, but she seems to feel so badly that it is really affecting to see her. She clings to me very tightly and seems only happy whenever I come in the house, but when I take my hat to go, she puts on the saddest face and follows me to the door and calls and cries after me as if her heart would break. She sleeps with me every night and is very good. She hugs up to me very close and when she wakes in the night, as she often does, she calls me and puts out her hands to be sure I am near and then goes to sleep. She says, "Mama and Allie are in the stage." She saw the stage from Mrs. Uhlinger's when it went.

I bought her a pretty pair of shoes and she is very much pleased with them, but I shall be glad enough for her sake when you and Allie get home. I don't know how it will be about my coming. I had about made up my mind to advise you to return on Saturday but I suppose you will feel as though you could not do that. Still I should be glad to have you.

I am afraid Ellen could hardly get along with Carrie alone unless she takes her out to your folks over Sunday. Then I should have to get someone to stay in the store and some one else to take care of the cow, and on the whole I don't know how it will be, but will see between now and Saturday.

Mrs. Glidden said she would like to send a note with this to you in regard to buying her some hankerchiefs in Utica, but she has not done it yet. Tell your Uncle I gave his letter to Byron as he directed; as I took the liberty to open your letter.

Court is held here this week and there are a good many people in town. I sent out to Harvey to send us those gloves but have heard nothing from them yet. Your father was quite sick, thought he had symptoms of fever but is better now. There are a large number of cases of fever here, several that are very sick. Dr. Bronk was buried today and they do not expect their baby to live. I have the little Hio boy helping me at present. So he drives the cow and takes the milk.

Give my regards to your Uncle and Aunt and tell Allie she must be a good girl. When Carrie wakes in the morning, she looks over to the little bed and calls Allie.

I must close and with much love remain affectionately
William

Carrie loved to be with Mrs. Uhlinger, and her way of announcing herself was: "Ol-ing-er I come."

This was during the Civil War period and the time of the first draft. Mother said that before the result of the draft was known, Father walked the floor all night, expecting he would be included and trying to think what he could do for his family, should he have to go. Fortunately he was not called.

Mother's brother, John, had been sick for some time and a great sufferer with inflammatory rheumatism and her brother, Byron, after their failure, had been manufacturing gloves and making a great success of it. It was during the war time when fortunes were made quickly. His father-in-law, Mr. Walter, had built a fine house for them on William Street where they had moved from Union Hall. There was now a family of six children, three girls and three boys. John's death came suddenly and this was a great sorrow to Mother.

Father's ambition was to own a home of their own and for several years before this was accomplished, he was preparing for it. The lot was purchased from Rev. Joseph Thyne, a native of Johnstown, but then preaching in New Jersey. It was on the southeast corner of Montgomery and Perry Streets, so named after the Revolution. Perry Street, which now divides the city east and west, was originally called "Glebe". It was the most easterly of the four streets laid out by Sir William Johnson running north and south. The name was given because it led to the "Glebe Land" of fifty acres which Sir William had given for the support of the church (St. John's Episcopal). Montgomery was the most southerly of the four streets running east and west. Father's lot was opposite the stone jail built by Sir William for Tryon County in 1772, and used as Fort Johnstown during the Revolution. It is almost the highest point of land in the town, there being a slight rise for the distance of one city block to the east. The first road coming into Johnstown from the east passed the jail, and on the morning of the Battle of Johnstown (October 25, 1781), as the baggage wagons with Tories and Indians came into the town, they were fired on from the Fort.

Father said this had been a favorite Sunday morning walk for him before he thought of buying. He liked to rest on this high point of land and look at the Mayfield Mountains to the north and the distant hills in other directions, which were unobstructed by many buildings. The lumber, from which the house was built, he bought standing from Mr. Peck of Peck Pond's to the north. Much of the lumber was chestnut. It was drawn and seasoned on the lot for more than a year before the house was begun.

My birthday came while they were still living in the Melcher Street house, but I was too young when the change to the new house was made to remember any other home. I was christened Mary Louisa, Mary from Mother and Louisa from the middle name of Mother's half sister - Sarah Louisa Shults, but I can only remember being called Lulu. I was a sickly child with great swellings on my neck, which had to be lanced again and again, and they thought I would not live to grow up. Mother's health was not good at this time and I believe she was never as well and strong again. When I did recover from this sickness, I seemed perfectly well and have had wonderful health all my life.

CHAPTER VIII

MY CHILDHOOD

My first conscious sensation was one of distance. It seemed so far from one part of the house to another. Our favorite playing place was on the floor beside a French door at the front of the living room. Here we were allowed to leave our toys spread out.

Sometimes the parlor would be closed, and a comfortable lounge brought from there and placed against the closed doors. I loved to play on it for a little time, but that too, seemed far away from my homey corner. Out-of-doors I remember playing on a pile of boards at the side of the barn and feeling I was far from the house.

My first really distinct memory is of being carried "piggy-back" through the rooms at home, by old Mr. Kelly, with my sisters following trying to catch me, with great shouts of laughter.

Mr. Kelly was a handy-man around father's store. He was having a hard life, and father and mother had been kind to him. He, in turn, came to think a great deal of us children. When mother and father went out for an evening it was always Mr. Kelly who stayed with us.

When we were large enough to go to Sunday School Mr. Kelly formed the habit of bringing pennies for us to take, and would come every Saturday night with a certain number of pennies wrapped in brown paper. This continued for years. He was an important personage in my life for a long time and I shall have occasion to speak of him again.

I have two distinct memories when I was in my fourth year. Mother had taken me with her to Syracuse to visit a school friend, Mary Frost, who had been with her at Albion. I remember standing near as Miss Frost sat on a low chair before an open window, with her full-skirted silk dress falling to the floor. She called me to her and gave me a little knife which would do for a watch charm, and I wore it on a ribbon around my neck. I had it for years, probably that helped me to remember.

The other experience was riding in a street car, the first I had ever seen. The seats were the length of the car on either side. An elderly couple much like my great-grandfather and grandmother Shults sat opposite, whom I can still seem to see.

My first remembrance of being at Father's old home, was when I had passed my fourth birthday and we were there for the wedding of Aunt Ellen to Rev. Alexander Hoyt. He was a brother of uncle Daniel's wife Ruth. Alex had just finished his theological studies and had accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church at Greenwich, New York.

Aunt Ellen and Grandmother had been living together in their part of the old homestead for several years, except when little Grace

Thomas was with them. Grace's father had lately purchased a large corner house on State Street, in Kingsborough. He had also built a large glove factory near by. To make the gloves he was employing a number of young women who were friends of the family. Aunt Ellen, too, had learned to make gloves on the machine and was sewing at home. But she was known to all these young workers and they were interested in her coming marriage. James Hoyt, Aunt Sarah's eldest son from Saratoga, was working there also, earning money to go to college.

Grace's experiences with regard to the wedding were hard on a little girl of nine. Her mother had told her in confidence that Aunt Ellen was to be married on the twenty-seventh of October. But she must promise not to tell anyone, especially the girls in the shop. She promised, but going in the shop the next day, asked: "When is the twenty-seventh?" This was all that was needed to give the secret away, and James Hoyt added to its sureness by announcing: "My father and mother are coming on the twenty-seventh and I can hardly wait for the time to come." So the secret was out. Grace was very sternly questioned about what she had told. But she insisted, "Nothing,I only asked, 'When is the 27th?'"

After the wedding and the friends had gone, Grandmother said to her: "Don't you think Alex is cruel to take Aunt Ellen away?" And Grandmother looked so sad and forlorn that when Grace went home she cried herself into a headache. She had not realized that Aunt Ellen was going away to stay, and she also suddenly realized that she had not had a pretty new dress like Allie's and that added to her grief.

The ceremony was in Aunt Ruth's parlor, on the west side of the hall but a long table was set in Grandmother's living room where the whole company sat down to dinner afterwards. My remembrance of the wedding is only of being held on Father's arm so that I could see, and of the crowd of people around us. We were at the rear of the room and the windows looked out on the covered porch which connected Grandmother's part with Uncle Daniel's. It must have been the few minutes before we were seated that were stamped on my memory.

Grace had another experience with clothes which bothered her. She recently told me that when she was six or seven and going to the little school near the farm, that for Speaking Day, her mother had dressed her in a fancy summer gown, with the sleeves caught up with ribbons. It had a little hoop skirt, so different from the other scholars that she felt they would laugh when she got up to speak, and finally in her distress began to cry. She remembered so gratefully the teacher bending down as she asked the cause of her trouble, so that no one else could hear, and then saying: "You may speak your piece on Monday." Grace said her mother asked when she went home: "Did you know your piece?" and she was so glad she could answer without telling a lie, "Oh, yes, I knew my piece," but did not tell more.

While Father was planning and building his own house he was also much interested in the new church being built for the Presbyterian Congregation (in Johnstown). This was at the beginning of the Civil War. The pastor was Dr. Daniel Stewart, a descendent of one of the families who came from Scotland, to settle on the land of Sir William Johnson, ten miles east of Johnstown, called Perth --- the settlement which brought the glove industry to this part of the country.

Dr. Stewart was an exceptionally fine man, and drew the people to him in a wonderful way. The Church was started before the rise of prices caused by the Civil War, but it went on to completion with great effort, through the war years.

It was a large brick church on the corner of South Market and West Clinton Streets, surrounded by elm trees and had a fine organ, which is still in use and in the Gothic steeple was a find toned bell. It was the most beautiful church in the city. At the opening service more than one hundred persons joined the church. My father and mother were of this number.

One of my very early recollections is of going with Father and Mother to make their farewell call on Dr. and Mrs. Stewart when they were leaving to settle in St. Paul, Minnesota. My recollections of this call are vivid -- of our being in their fine house and then of Dr. Stewart and Father going through the garden, and I following along, sometimes taking Father's hand and then running along some path by myself, and then back again to walk with them; of Dr. Stewart asking Father if he would like some of this and that shrub or flower, because he was interested in making our new home grounds attractive. And then saying he would send them to Father. I am sure some of the shrubs still in the yard are of these gifts.

Dr. Stewart came back to Johnstown from time to time for some of his relatives had remained here. He always preached and it was always a memorable occasion. He was a stately, fine looking gentleman.

I have another remembrance of an honored minister when I was a somewhat older child. This was Mr. Senderling, who married Mother and Father. Although retired, he must have continued to call on Mother for I seemed to know him well, and that he was an honored guest. Once he came when I was home alone. He was extremely tall and slender and wore a stove-pipe hat. While I was telling him mother was away, he bent toward me so far, that I thought he was going to kiss me, and I reached up and gave him a kiss first. Afterwards he told mother that I gave him a very warm welcome. I was ashamed to tell what I had done.

We always went to church as a family, father, mother and three little girls, dressed in our best. Usually our dresses were those mother had made. Once I remember being there with Father only. I must have gone to sleep sitting up. But I am still conscious of the feeling of bliss I experienced when I felt myself being laid at full length on the seat, with my head on Father's lap.

I can remember my first attack of homesickness. Father and mother and my sisters were going on a trip. I was thought too small to go. Grandfather Levi loaned father the use of a horse and sleigh and I was to stay with my great-grandparents. I was all right until I was being put to bed by Great-grandmother Mary, in the room off from her living room, in a bed so high I had to climb on a chair to get in. I remember so well the feeling of the lump in my throat and that I could scarcely swallow. Grandmother thinking it was sore throat, wrapped a red flannel around my neck. Then called Grandma Rebecca to see what she thought should be done. She said I would be all right in the morning. And then Father unexpectedly drove up with the horse and sleigh. He brought me a box of candy, thinking that

would help me to stay the night, if need be. Grandfather John Henry loved sweet things and when Father told me to give him some candy, I picked out something I knew was sharp and biting, and he was displeased when he bit into it. I came home with Father that night. I do not know just how we came, but my sore throat did not bother.

My second vivid memory of being at Grandfather Shults was in the summer and I was going with Aunt Sarah to spend the afternoon at one of the neighbors, the Plantz family. Aunt Sarah must have taken pains to dress me, for she curled my hair on the tapering chestnut stick Mother used and I wore a white dress with a bright ribbon sash.

We went up the long hill to the south, and a little way down the hill and then turned east on another road. To reach the house we crossed a bridge over a little brook, and during the afternoon I had a wonderful time sailing leaves and sticks for boats.

At the rear of the house was a small covered porch, with wooden seats on either side which I had for my house. For supper, among the good things was a newly baked frosted cake.

I remember the walk home in the twilight. It seems I would not talk at the table and did not answer when I was spoken to; and Aunt Sarah told me she would never take me anywhere again if that was the way I behaved. And I added to the offense by not answering her. And so that happy afternoon had a bad ending. I never pass over this road and see this little farm home, but that this memory comes back to me.

The home lot Father had bought was large. He built the house to face north on Montgomery Street near the Perry Street side of the lot. In the rear there was a depth of nearly three times the width, for a garden plot. There was a good sized front yard and a wide space on the east side of the house. The whole place on both streets was protected by a picket fence painted brown. The house was originally built with a flat roof made of tar and gravel.

The front yard was laid out in flower beds. One was filled with Japan lilies which must have been rare for every one admired them. The house shaded the yard several hours of the day, and I suppose it did not prove a very good place for flowers for they were taken up after some years and shrubs and fancy evergreens planted.

East of the house was a strip of land several feet wide. This strip was divided into three parts and here each little girl had a garden spot of her own to dig in and plant as she liked. East of the walk around the house two rows of fruit trees were planted with a wide space between, which was our special play ground. There were half a dozen pear trees, mostly dwarf, two crab apple trees and several plum trees. This formed a little grove and between the rows of trees was a teeter-totter. Then came an open space for a drive leading to the barn in the rear, but it was all lawn, not a made driveway. East of this was another row of fruit trees -- apple and plum, which brought us to the line fence.

A garden path began at the west side of the barn and went the depth of the lot. On one side were currant bushes, red, white and black, and

some gooseberry bushes. There were fruit trees, apples in great variety, and pears and plums with grapes, berry bushes and some space for vegetables. The garden path led to the property of Grandmother Thyne. She was not our real grandmother, but a little old Scotch lady, who talked with a brogue. She had brought up a family of sons and daughters who had married and were living in various homes in this vicinity.

One unmarried daughter, Ellen, lived with her and a young girl, an orphan, Alice Noble, who took the name of Thyne. She was about my sister Carrie's age. They were very strict with her and for very small offenses she would be punished with a strap, and we all felt sorry for her. In that way she seemed different from the other children we knew, but we liked her. They attended the Scotch Presbyterian church, called the "United Presbyterian", which was a secession from the regular Presbyterian, which we attended. Beside our own, this was the only house on the block.

On the opposite corner of Montgomery Street in a new brick house built shortly before our own, lived the family of John H. Decker. The grounds were extensive with gardens and orchards surrounded by high board fences. There were four children, two daughters and two sons. Minnie, the eldest daughter was enough older to be my ideal through all my childhood. Edward was very handsome. I think I always stood in awe of him. Celia was Carrie's special friend and Willie, a little younger than I, was my special playmate. No one ever had kinder neighbors or dearer friends.

Mrs. Decker had become quite deaf through an illness some years before, which shut her out from many pleasures, but made her especially interested in helping people. She was so kind and gentle, everyone regarded her in the same loving way.

Mr. Decker had contracted to buy the Moore farm, next north from Grandfather Shults and was to forfeit five hundred dollars if the contract were not closed. Mrs. Decker, in spite of all her gentleness was very firm and much as it meant to her husband, she knew she should not be in the country with these young children while her husband was traveling,* and she refused to sign the papers. They bought land in the village instead and forfeited the five hundred dollars.

Farther west on Montgomery Street were several families -- the Lasseils, Northrups and Wades -- the last living in a large new square frame house just then the latest style. Heading Market Street which had not been opened beyond Montgomery was St. Patrick's Lodge Building, built after Sir William's death for the Masonic Lodge he had started at Johnson Hall in 1766. This was now used as a residence by Mr. John Hutchinson, a large manufacturer.

* Mr. Decker was a glove manufacturer and doing well. Before starting his own business he was a salesman and traveled through the country for different firms, among them Mr. Josiah Leonard's, and he later married Mr. Leonard's daughter.

Across the street for this entire block was the district school ground with a four-roomed, two story, brick school building standing in the centre. This was known as the Upper District. A similar building on West Main Street was the Lower District, and the Old Academy building with its Queen Anne's bell was on Market Street and was the Academic Department for the town. In one corner of the schoolyard opposite the jail, was the old jail barn, which was soon torn down.

The jail was directly across the street from our home and the Sheriff's family were always our friends. It was this little group "on the hill" that formed the setting for our little world.

When Willie Decker and I were very young we used to amuse ourselves sewing. Mrs. Decker would give us each a needle and a long thread with a knot tied at the needle's eye. It was so hard to pull that knot through the cloth. But she told us we would pull the thread out of the needle, if it were not there.

There were no telephones in those days and it was a long walk to the grocery stores. One day when we were still quite young Mrs. Decker wanted something very much from the store. She tried to find out if Willie and I knew the way well enough to go to the store on the corner of William and West Main street for it. "West one block, and north one block and across the street which brought us to the church. Then west again and north again, and the store was just across the street." We started off feeling very important; but when we reached the church corner we had an argument. I wanted to go another block north and then west through Main Street. But Willie was sure the way his mother went was past the side of the church. I gave in to him, as it was his errand, and we found the store all right, and coming home we somehow found out that either way would have taken us to the same point.

Another time I remember picking red raspberries in Mrs. Decker's garden. They were planted in rows and tied to stakes -- big, lucious berries. There were Celia, Eddie, Willie and I. Eddie gave each of us a row to see who could get to the end first. I presume I followed where the berries tempted me, for Celia soon wanted to know why I was picking on Eddie's row. He said I had been picking there most of the time ..... and then added quite kindly, "But it doesn't make any difference, they all have to be picked."

In winter the high board fence which surrounded this land used to catch the whirling snow, and great drifts would be over the top of it, making lovely hills to ride down. There was so little travel that I doubt if we ever thought of danger. I remember one March day when there was a crust in the morning and as the day grew warmer, our frequent passings made a hardened path. We had a glorious time. When I went home I was greeted by Carrie with the words: "Why how you look, the freckles stand right out on your face."

One summer day Mrs. Decker took their horse "Billy" and their long Democrat wagon, and we went to spend the afternoon at Grandfather Shults. The start made the greatest impression -- those for whom there

were no seats had little stools to sit on. Mr. Decker's name like Great-grandfather's was John Henry, but Mrs. Decker used to run the two names together, and called him John-ry.

When Great-grandfather John Henry Shults and Great-grandmother Mary came to our house it was a great event. They drove their own fat horse Dolly, and a high one-seated wagon. We had no stable but she was tied at the rear of the barn, with plenty of room on either side and we soon learned the fun of stooping down and running under her body between her fore and hind legs.

Mother used to say it was donation time when Grandmother came. She always brought so many things from the farm, home made sausage and preserves, I remember especially. In lilac season there was a great bunch of purple lilacs in a white china pitcher. To this day that is what I like best to hold my lilacs. Mother used to sew for Grandmother and she made her dresses of soft black material with full skirts and tight-fitting waists.

We had a rope swing in our barn fastened to the beams in the middle and by swinging high we could go out through the big doors and swing back again to the rear of the barn.

When our house was finally built, Mother was ready to have her piano brought from Whitesboro but she found out that Uncle "Is" had sold it and deposited the money for her in the Utica bank. Not long afterwards the bank failed and not only the money for the piano was gone but the amount from which Mother had been receiving her little income was also gone.

This was a great blow to mother. She loved music and her anticipation for years had been to have the piano as soon as the house was ready. The bank failure was bad and none too honest and some of the Gray family lost heavily, especially the brother Henry in Stuben County with whom Grandfather and Grandmother Gray had gone to live.

I have told of the breaking up of the home of Great-grandfather and Great-grandmother Gray at Stone Arabia and of the furniture which was saved for mother. It is only recently that I have known the sequel of that story. It was told me by one of the cousins who was brought up on the Gray Farm and knew all these incidents in her early life. This was Aunt Alida's namesake, Alida (Getman) Diefendort, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Washington Getman who bought the farm when it was sold by Grandfather Gray. Mrs. Getman was a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Gray.

Whether Grandfather's mind began to fail or for some other unknown reason he turned against grandmother, so that her life was very unhappy and she feared for her safety. One time when she came to visit her daughter, Aunt Alida Wagner at Fort Plain, she said she was not going back and she did not. Mother used to speak of the strangeness and cruelty of separating these two old people. I think she could not have known the circumstances of grandmother's return. She was with Aunt Alida as long as they remained in Fort Plain and went with the Wagner family when they moved to Whitesboro. Alida remembered Grandmother as a strong active woman of eighty, when she came back to the old home farm to take care of Alida's mother and her baby sister, Catherine.

I do not know just when my father decided to give up the grocery business. It was so confining for him that his health was giving way. The glove business was increasing. Little shops were being started up here and there for men's gloves mostly and the gloves were cut with steel dies on wooden blocks. This was the only section in the country where gloves were made. The tanning of leather had started at an early date. It was learned partly from the Indians but especially from a man named Talmadge Edwards, an Englishman who had settled here. He taught the English way of leather tanning. His house and workshop were on the northeast corner of William and Montgomery Streets. For some time this was the only glove and mitten factory in the United States.

Father had a friend much older than himself, Mr. Addison Phelps, who had made a success of glove manufacturing. He was of the Phelps family from Connecticut, who had come to Phelps Street in Gloversville and later to Johnstown. He offered to teach father and to let him use part of his shop to start in business for himself. So the grocery store and its contents were sold and the first I remember of father in a business way was his working in this little shop about two blocks away, down Perry Street.

I have one very distinct memory of an evening at home, when a square table which must have been our kitchen table was brought into the living room. Father, Mother, Allie and Carrie each had a side and I sat by Mother. Father with a brush was putting paste on the leather guantlets and the others were sticking to these, corresponding pieces of felt. I did so want to do it too. Finally I whispered to mother and asked if I might have one and she asked father and then every little while, a pasted piece would come sliding in front of me.

I think Father must have made a fair success in this change of business. As children we never seemed to have money to spend, and never seemed to need any. But I do not doubt Father and Mother found it hard. Lack of money and ill health, were probably their greatest worries.

We always had plenty to eat, plenty of milk and fruit and vegetables. Mother did up quantities of canned fruit, and in the winter, beef was bought by the quarter and we always had chickens and eggs. Father had bought the lot for our house from Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thyne. Once when they were visiting in Johnstown we had them for supper. The table was set in the living room. Allie had just learned to make cake and a cocoanut layer cake was in honor of this occasion. Mother also had sugar cookies made with sour cream. Mrs. Thyne was a very pretty woman with a bright vivacious manner. We all liked her.

At this time Father's hobby was Silver Gray Dorking chickens. They are noted for their tameness and before supper he had brought in one of his prize specimens. As she was being admired, she rested on Father's outstretched hand, perfectly content with the treatment she was receiving.

During supper I was crumbling these sour cream cookies on my plate, and some one spoke of it. I remember Father looking at me and at my plate and then saying: "We shall have to bring the Dorking chicken in again if you keep on doing that."

My first day at school was a disasterous one. My only remembrance of it is of a little girl being punished. She screamed and rolled on the floor and the teacher with a very red face stood over her, and as she could, used the ruler. I had never seen such punishment and at the dinner table must have told of it in a very excited way. I cannot remember what comments were made, but do remember Father saying very quietly to mother: "I wouldn't send Lulu to school this afternoon." And that was the end of my schooling for over two years.

Punishment was very rare in our family and I cannot remember any corporal punishment. Carrie said she could remember once Father picking her up from the floor and spanking her and she said she thought she never forgave him. She felt so disgraced.

Allie was such a helpful little body, doing many things in the household which were beyond her years. I think she was never punished. One of the very nice traits in our upbringing was that by mother and father we were treated as individuals, with individual rights. We were never allowed to take each others clothing, never under any circumstances to open another's letters, and the thing I remember being told oftenest was "Wear your rubbers."

In these years out of school when I was running wild at home, I know I was supposed to study. Allie and Carrie were going to school, every day, and I imagine they were supposed to teach me but I cannot remember much about it.

During this time I went with my mother to visit at Uncle Daniel's at the old Foote homestead. There were two little cousins in that family, Ella and Emma. My birthday came between the two. They were attending the little school near the farm, and I went with them to school that day. They had reading classes several times during the day and they knew such large words and read so well that I began to feel very much ashamed of how little I knew. I made up my mind that when I went home I was going to take a book and read every word that I knew and then read it over again until I knew them all.

I remember thinking too, as I began to carry out this plan, that if I had a little desk and chair as they did in school it would be a great deal easier to study. These little cousins had a quaint way of speaking of mother, which I liked. In distinguishing her from their father's sister Aunt Mary Thomas, they called her, Aunt Mary William, a custom which was followed by other nieces and nephews.

On this visit I cannot remember my Grandmother Foote but she must have been living at this time. I have just one remembrance of her, and that was once at our house and she was standing with Father on the front piazza and talking. She wore a white muslin cap which seemed very different from Great-grandmother Mary's cap of black ribbon and lace.

Grandmother Foote lived in her side of the house for several years after Aunt Ellen's marriage, and took her meals with the family. She learned to make gloves by hand and making gloves and spinning were her chief occupations.

Grace Thomas still spent much time with her and she remembers her on winter evenings sewing on gloves with two lighted candles on the table. But if she was reading, she used only one candle. There was always a bright wood fire. Uncle Daniel came in every night to see that every thing was right, and again in the morning before they were up, to start the wood fire. As she grew older she was sometimes a little forgetful, and Grace remembers one Sunday morning when she found her spinning. In consternation she called out "Why Grandma it's Sunday!" And Grandma got up from her chair and put her things away saying: "Grandma's getting old." Grace said Grandma never scolded her or found fault with her.

Uncle Daniel had two colored men working for him at different times through the years. The first was Jacob who managed to get away from the South before the war. He was a great hunter and already knew some men from New York who liked to vacation in the woods and have him go with them as cook and helper. Sometimes he would be gone for several weeks. He was a very good man and deeply religious. On one of these trips one of the men contracted smallpox and Jacob took care of him, then took the disease and died.

The other colored man was "Black Charlie". He was a younger man and a good worker but he never filled the place which Jacob held. He used to do things for Grandma too.

As Grandmother grew more forgetful, she went to live with Uncle Daniel and at the end, Nancy, the daughter of Father's Uncle Jabez came to take care of her. Grace remembers the funeral service was preached by Rev. Jeremiah Wood who was the friend of her husband, and must have been years older than grandmother. In substance Rev. Wood said: "She has lived a good life, she has done a good work, but her days of usefulness are over and it is better that she go." Grace was very indignant at what he said.

Father's work in the little glove shop seemed congenial. The atmosphere of the place was pleasant. Mr. Phelps had an expert glove maker working for him who had been with him several years and she now was working for Father too. She was Miss Sarah Hillsinger. She and her sister had come from Cobleskill years before. The sister had married and Miss Sarah lived with them. They, like Mr. Phelps, were Methodists and knew each other well. Mr. Phelps liked to joke about the wonderful lady who could make up the goods for two firms and keep business moving. She was a lovely character. Some sickness had left her with a stiff neck and her features were rather sharp but she had a beautiful speaking voice and a fine alto voice for singing. She became a warm friend of our family and I remember one Christmas season years later when a Foote Family Gathering was planned at our house, Miss Hillsinger came to direct and help decorate the house with evergreens. I think this was Allie's idea. Between the parlor and living room an arch of greens was made in the doors and the tops of the windows and other doors festooned. I remember that it was very beautiful.

My first little friends, aside from my cousins, were the primary children of our Sunday School. There were many of them and some have continued to be good friends all my life. One of these was a little English girl named Elizabeth Grimes. She was a tiny little thing and called "Lillie" by her family. They lived about a block from our house. Her father had come from Milburneport, England to follow his trade of Table-Cut Gloves,

the fine kid gloves which at that time not many Americans had learned to cut. Her older sister Sarah, was just the age of my sister Allie and they were great friends, in school and in Sunday School and just for their own pleasure.

The first visit I can remember making all by myself was one summer afternoon when I went to see Elizabeth Grimes. She had a doll carriage which I had always wanted but never owned and I imagine I spent the afternoon wheeling dolls up and down the side walk before her house. She says she remembers eating at little tables under the pear trees on our lawn and Sarah says she remembers playing Hunt-the-Thimble and Drop-the-Handkerchief in our big rooms.

We saw our first Christmas tree at their house. All the children of our family were there and there were two brothers in the Grimes family. They had brought the tree from the woods some distance away and it was set up in one corner of their living room and trimmed with strings of white popcorn and red cranberries. There were bright ornaments on the tree and real lighted wax candles. It was a wonderful experience for all of us.

Going to Sunday School left no great impression on me. Mrs. Starkweather and Mrs. Stewart were the leaders. They both seemed quite old women to me but of course they weren't. I was slightly acquainted with Mrs. Stewart because she made gloves for Father and I had been to her house with him. Mrs. Starkweather led the singing. She was always dressed in black silk and wore a bonnet with wide black ribbons tied under her chin and nose glasses, and used a tuning fork to get the pitch.

I liked Sunday School much better when it was time for me to leave the Primary room and go into the main body of the church with the adult school. Nine or ten of us children formed the new class and I knew our teacher slightly. She was Miss Leah Hutchinson and lived with her brother, Mr. John Hutchinson and his family at the head of Market Street. It was winter and she wore a long seal-skin boa. I think it was that I might fondle this beautiful fur that I sat next to her. But she soon married and moved away.

After that it was our good fortune to have a teacher who was in every way charming. She was young and one of the best conversationalists I have ever known. She was interested in us all and brought her wide reading and culture to us. She opened up so many new avenues of thought and pleasure and always taught the lesson interestingly. There was always time to touch on other subjects too, and we used to roam the world. I considered it a great misfortune if ever I had to miss Sunday School.

She was Mrs. William L. Johnson, the wife of our leading physician. They had a little girl four years old and lived in the house in which she had been brought up as a child, on the corner of William and Church Streets. Mrs. Johnson had not been our teacher many weeks when we were invited to a Tea Party at her home. It was my first experience of eating at a candle-lighted, flower-decorated table. She had for company for her own little girl, a little neighbor about the same age, and an Aunt of hers whom I always enjoyed knowing.

In Sunday School just across the seat partition and a little ahead of the location of our class, Father had a class of boys. He kept them from quite young boys until they were leaving home to work elsewhere. As he sat at the end of the first seat facing them, he was also facing our class. I used to love to watch him and wondered what he was saying that kept them so interested.

Across the aisle from Father's class Allie and Sarah Grimes and quite a group of girls had Mrs. Ball, the soprano singer in our quartet choir, for their teacher. Back of them were Carrie and Celia Decker and another group of girls with Mrs. George Streeter for their teacher.

It must have been the summer of 1871 that our Sunday School Picnic was held in McNab's Grove in Gloversville. The main attraction was the ride over on the new railroad, completed just the year before.* We rode in platform cars with seats along each side. Evergreens and branches of trees formed the sides of the car. There were lots of people and I remember the walk to and from the station seemed very long. Afterwards Mrs. Wade came out to talk with Mother about the picnic. She was lame and regretted she could not go.

In the fall of this same year Father bought a little horse. She added so much to our pleasure and enjoyment that it was a real event in our lives. Uncle Daniel had brought her as a little colt from his brother-in-law's farm in Galway. She was a pedigreed horse known as a Black Hawk Morgan. She was a glossy, dark brown except in the depth of winter, then shaggy fetlocks would grow and longer hair to make a warmer coat. She had short legs and a little round body and although she was gentle and affectionate there was a wild strain about her. Before she was broken to harness, she had to wear a wooden yoke with a long pole to keep her from going over every fence on the farm. This yoke rubbed out her main to some extent and it came in gray.

John Watson, the five year old boy at Uncle Daniel's wedding, had been making his home with them for some years, helping on the farm and working in the woods in the winter. It was he who broke the horse to harness and became very fond of her. He called her Lo-ise but that was too much like my name and we called her "Bess" and sometimes "Daisy" and "Pony". The little cousins used to be given rides on her back and they hated to have Father take her away. Father paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars for her but she was worth a great deal more than that.

To make room for "Pony" and the new shop Father wanted to build, the part of the house which had been kitchen and woodshed was moved to the rear of the barn and a large two story addition built on which gave us a dining room and a new kitchen and Father's shop.

We had a very fine two-seated sleigh, painted a glossy brown like the horse, with a gold Grecian border which decorated the box. The only fault was that it was a little too large for the horse. And we had fine raccoon robes to put over us.

* Fonda, Johnstown & Gloversville R. R.

Among the first of our trips was going to spend the day at Mr. Benjamin Baker's at Hale's Mills, about three miles away on the Broadalbin road. It was called Hale's Mills because of the flour mill there. Mr. Baker was an old gentleman who had purchased his groceries at Father's store years before and had remained his friend. He wanted us to become acquainted with his grandchildren the Clark family, who lived a few miles away on the Perth road. I remember how warm and cozy the farm house was and how cordially Mr. and Mrs. Baker and her daughter Emily welcomed us. Then the Clark family came. There were six children in the family but I think only the three oldest ones came, Kit, Nelson and Lisa. After our fine dinner all of us children went out with sleds to ride down hill and mother sat by a window sewing with the grown-ups. Later we were back in the house eating great plates of nuts and playing games and then came the ride home. But that day we had made life-long friends.

It may have been that same winter that Father drove Miss Hillsinger to Fonda and took me with them. She was going to visit her home in Cobleskill. It was very cold. I remember how dainty she seemed with her mink furs, and her handkerchief in her muff where she could get it easily, while I had such a time to find mine in my pocket and then I found it was soiled.

In the summer we had a buckboard wagon. It was very light with one seat but there was plenty of room at the back to carry the gloves which father took out to be made.

I remember so distinctly the ride to Great-grandmother Mary's with Father and Mother the day word came that she had had a stroke. It was early and a beautiful summer morning. She had died when we reached there and I did not go in the house. What I remember most is the start home. The little horse was impatient to go, full of life and energy and pawing the ground. It was my first contact with death, and Grandmother Mary had been very dear to me. How could she be dead when there was so much life around? When Mother was finally seated in the wagon and we started down the hill to the big gates the thought of death oppressed me. The beauty of the morning and the desire for life was very strong.

In December of the past winter a little daughter had come to the Decker family. She was the first baby I knew. Her name was Luella, and she brought a new interest into our lives.

The only other baby I remember and I cannot tell the time, was when Mrs. Dennison, who had been Ella Dudley came back from Egypt, where she had gone with her soldier husband, Major Dennison, and had come to spend the day with Mother. She sat by the French window in Grandmother Gray's low chair, holding her baby on her lap. I sat on the floor watching them when she said to me, "We have named her 'Lulu' and I hope she will have hair just like yours."

No one else in the family that we knew had hair like mine. Father said I must have struck back to the Van Buren's. It was red and curly when I was little but became darker as I grew older. Mother's hair was black and curly. She had beautiful hair. I think that came from the Grays. Father's hair was brown. Allie had golden curls, but as she grew older it turned a light brown and she wore it in a heavy braid. Carrie's hair was straight but a darker brown than Father's.

In July of '72 a little son came to Uncle Daniel's home. He was named Arthur Hoyt Foote and was the only boy bearing the name of Foote, after the death of Uncle Robert's son, Jesse.

In October of that same year our baby sister came. Mother named her Harriet Agnes, Harriett from her own mother and Agnes from the only daughter of Uncle Is, Agnes Gray. Our Harriet Agnes was a strong baby, to the surprise of all the friends because Mother had not been very well. Our cousin, Alida Getman Diefendorf, came to see Mother and told us what a pretty baby Hattie was. I cannot remember having a great deal to do in taking care of the little baby sister. The red wooden cradle which we had all been rocked in, and Mother too, was brought down stairs. And I remember what a large amount of milk we used to get every morning, dipped from a big can into a pail for us. Mr. Charley Prindle brought the milk. He was the son of great-grandfather Jesse's friend and lived in the same Prindle homestead.

Father used to give Hattie a great deal of attention and whether he was disappointed that he had no son, as I suppose he must have been, he never said so nor referred to it in any way.

I do not think Hattie was ever much trouble. She used to play by the French window and when she was old enough to walk and talk she spent much time in the shop with Father. Our kitchen door opened into the shop to the south and when Hattie heard anyone coming she would start and run and never stop until she reached the living room. Father told her she "ran like a streak." As she would go running she would say: "Run like a streak." She was only tiny when Father began reciting to her in his deep voice "Big Scalper was an Indian Man" and "Twenty Froggies Went to School" and she could soon say them back in her baby way. She grew up to be the prettiest of the daughters, with wonderfully clear skin and pink cheeks. Her eyes and hair were dark brown.

Carrie was the one who kept the house in order. She was always picking things up and putting things away if others left them around. Father called her "Little Miss Tucker". Like Mother she was quick with a needle, and she must have been quite young when she began helping with the sewing and making dresses for Hattie and me. She also learned to put the fancy stitching on the backs of gloves with the chain-stitch machine, (Wilcox & Gibbs) and did it beautifully. The machine was very light and easy to run. (This left the silk ends on the right side of the glove and my part was "pulling ends". This was done with a threaded machine needle, pushing the threaded needle thru to the right side, putting the ends of silk thru the slackened thread and drawing them thru and tying them on the wrong side.)

One time when Carrie was quite small and visiting Great-grandmother Mary, one of the neighbors, Mrs. Curtin came regularly to wash for Grandma. She had such a large family there was always a baby to bring. Carrie remembered one time when the cradle was brought down and she was told to rock the baby. She said she would not rock an Irish baby. She always remembered it and would sometimes say: "Wasn't I mean to say that?" The Curtin's grew up and prospered and the grandsons now are prominent business men in Gloversville.

Great-grandfather kept his rooms as they were before Grandmother's

death, but took his meals with Grandfather Levi and Grandmother Rebecca. But he seemed a very lonely man. In his living room there was a couch between the fireplace and the east wall. He often took a nap there. His usual place for sitting was in a straight backed chair facing this couch so that the book he was reading could rest on it. From the window he had a beautiful view of the Cherry Valley hills. He often stood out of doors at the corner of the wood shed looking off in that same direction, with his glasses resting on his forehead. He talked but little when we were there although he seemed glad to see us but it was hard to know what to say to him.

I always slept in Grandmother Rebecca's part now when I visited there. I remember one evening in the winter, when I was playing on the floor and a guest arrived. It was a very fine looking gentleman and after greeting the family, Aunt Sarah took him upstairs to the pretty parlor. I did not see him again. He was Mr. John Lipe, of a distantly related family in Stone Arabia, but a New Yorker now, in the gentleman's clothing business. Aunt Sarah soon married him and went to live in New York. (I have no remembrance of her wedding and think it may have been when Hattie was a baby and none of us could go.)

When Sarah's first baby was born, a little girl named Gertrude, her mother made her first visit to New York. Allie was twelve years old at this time and went out to keep house for her two grandfathers. One afternoon Mother and Father drove out to Tea. Mother used to tell with great pride of the good supper Allie made and how she poured tea for her father and two grandfathers. And during this same stay I went out to spend a Sunday. I stayed with our grandfathers while Allie went in to church with the Dillenback family. I spent part of the time on the stone doorstep. The locust trees were in bloom and the bed of purple periwinkle which surrounded the nearest tree was a mass of bloom. Allie was to bring me a book from the Sunday School Library--Schauney of the Light House-- and I was going to read it in that lovely spot. Part of the time I was upstairs over the wood shed cracking some butternuts for myself. I was smashing them with a hammer when Great-grandfather came up. "I thought you would be doing them that way," he said as he took the hammer. Then he cracked a panful and gave them to me saying only, "That will last you quite a while."

When Allie came back I ran to meet her, and was so disappointed that she had not brought the book. Nothing else would do.

I had just passed my ninth birthday when I finally went to school. I started in the highest room of the four-roomed grade school near us. Miss Alice Card was the teacher, a niece of Mr. Wade, and she lived with them, so in that way I knew her and liked her. And I seemed to be up to the requirements of that grade!

But I was thrown in with an entirely new group of girls and I saw a great deal of them in the next few years. They all lived on William Street. They knew much more of the life of the town than I did, and had more money to spend and wore very pretty clothes. Four of us girls chose two front seats about midway in the width of the large room.

Kate Fraser, who was my seat-mate, lived with her lawyer grandfather, her father, and an Irish housekeeper. I do not know who selected

her pretty clothes. She was tall and fair with golden hair and pink cheeks.

In the seat behind were Rosamond Argersinger and Lou Wells. Rose, as she was called, and her brother were orphans and lived in the house which had come to them from their father. Their father's mother and sister brought them up. Rose was a very warm-hearted impulsive girl and a great favorite.

The Wells family lived with the Grandfather and Grandmother Simmons, and he at that time was post-master of Johnstown. It was Lou's grandfather, Edward Wells, who had a private bank, Hays and Wells. (This later became "The People's Bank" and then merged with the State Bank of Albany.) He was one of the wealthiest men in Johnstown. Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Simmons were two lovely women and they always made me very welcome. I like to think of my early visits there.

Going back to the start at school, I think it was one of the first few days that Miss Card asked me to count for writing and spelling lessons. She gave out the words and when I had written the word, I was to call the next number. It went on until I called eleven and she said: "I am glad you said E-leven, so many leave the E off."

In October of that year, 1873, in the big Wade house across the street, their only daughter, Belle, was married to Mr. James Miller. It was a large wedding and when recess came the wedding guests were gathering on the wide front piazza and pictures were being taken. Someone started to cheer and we cheered and waved handkerchiefs and they smiled and waved back. Just a few weeks ago, I told Mrs. Miller how I remembered her wedding day. She seemed very pleased and told me she remembered the cheering.

The Sir William Johnson Hotel was the best hotel in Johnstown at this time. It stood next to the Court House and was kept by some relative of the Wells family. My new friends were in the habit of going there frequently. But Mother forbade my going and it took away a good deal of the pleasure of after school rambles.

But I have always been glad of one adventurous visit I made with them, to another connection of the Wells family. This was to the William Livingston home, called "Rose Hill" on the road to Fonda. (Now it is the Willing Helper's Home for Women started by the Sabbath School class of which I was a member and I have always been interested in it.) Mr. Livingston was of the "Livingston Manor" family of the Hudson River. He built "Rose Hill" some years before for his summer home. He had previously started a File Factory business here in charge of a Superintendent.

His wife was a southern lady and when they were here in the summer, fine equipages were always driving up with guests from the City. They had gay parties and many servants. Very few of the towns-people were counted as friends but once a year they gave a Garden Party and invited the Johnstownians. It was the event of the year! But the years brought changes. Their wealth was gone and there were no servants. Mr. Livingston kept an insurance office but his wife was said never to do any work and dressed in silks and velvets and Mr. Livingston and their only son waited on her like a princess. The son seldom left the house. All the stories I had heard about the place were true and more.

Mr. Livingston, a feeble old man, met us at the front door and greeted us very cordially. We were taken to a room east of the hall where Mrs. Livingston sat in an easy chair. She was wearing black and rose-pink. I should say it was a black velvet dress and a rose-pink shawl. We were treated very nicely. Mr. Livingston told us some amusing stories and Mrs. Livingston asked us some questions we could answer. When we left, they invited us to come again to see them. It seemed like a page from some absorbing story.

It was a little incident that happened in one of these first school days that I first felt the lack of money. One of the girls suggested that we have a secret society and have ribbon badges and five cents was all that was asked. At noontime I asked Father for five cents. He hardly looked at me as he went out of the door and said: "No, I can't give it to you." And I had to tell the girls that I did not have the money but the society and the ribbon badge came just the same.

Years and years afterwards when Father and I were talking one day, he asked me if I remembered the incident. I said I did. And then he added, "But you don't know how it hurt me to refuse you, I just did not have it, money was so scarce in those days."

Of all the family friends who came to Johnstown, I believe I liked Uncle Daniel's coming the most. He often had business here and then he would generally take one meal with us.

For some years he drove a beautiful span of cream-colored horses with manes and tails a lighter cream. I do not remember them but have always heard about them and that a finer span could not be seen, even in Saratoga, in this age when fine horses and carriages were a mark of distinction.

Once in the winter there were bad pitchholes in the roads and Uncle Daniel left his team in Gloversville and came out in the stage. They were closed stages on runners with seats along each side. I went back with him and was car-sick. I doubt if I knew just what the trouble was, but he was evidently watching me, for as soon as we reached the edge of the village of Gloversville, he took my hand saying: "We will get out here." He kept my hand as we left the car and while we walked up the street, until he could see I was able to go alone. But he never said a word to me about my sickness. That night I overheard him telling Aunt Ruth what a long distance we had walked and the reason.

One time we went to Mayfield to church. Uncle Daniel was the superintendent of the Sabbath School. He was so cordial and friendly with every one. There was a meeting of the teachers of the school to study the lesson and Uncle Daniel conducted this. It was in the parlor at the west of the hall and there were refreshments afterwards.

After Mr. Phelps had given up his business and retired, he used to come often and sit in the shop and talk with Father while he worked. One day there were two other men there and mother was called in. When she came back I was in the kitchen, and she told me they had put a mortgage on the house. I did not know very well what it meant, but realized it was something bad. I do not think it was for a large amount, and should guess

perhaps a thousand dollars. It must have been the business depression and panic of 1873.

I was going to tell more about the Kelleys. I said before Mr. Kelly used to do odd jobs for Father. His name was Francis. There was mother Betsy and daughter Mary. At the time I knew them they all were getting old. Francis Kelly had come to Johnstown from the country as a young man, poor but honest and faithful and a good worker. His wife was Elizabeth Fitzann Harrington, sister of Judge Herring who was well-to-do. But Elizabeth was a moron and her family were no doubt glad to get her off of their hands. Francis felt it was his good fortune to marry into such a prominent family. Daughter Mary was much worse than the mother and these two women would wander through the streets queerly dressed and made themselves the target for teasing for most of the boys and girls of the town. Mary wanted a beau and her mother feared for her so that whenever she went out Betsy followed her a short distance behind. Of course the boys accosted Mary and made fun of her. Then Betsy would run up and both of them were always ready to answer back and so the fun would begin. It was all very hard for Mr. Kelly and he provided for them as best he could as long as he lived. After his death Betsy and Mary were taken to the County House and cared for.

If old Mr. Kelly could accompany us, Mother would let us go to see the Parade on Decoration Day and attend the exercises in the cemetery. But she would not let us go alone, and usually he was willing to take us.

But the greatest occasion was a picnic on my tenth birthday. Allie and Carrie planned it and all the little friends we knew were there. It was in a grove where we often went; just beyond where the Knox Athletic Field now is, and Mr. Kelly put up a great rope swing under the tall trees and I think we kept him swinging someone most of the time. Uncle Byron's oldest daughter Frederica, about 18, brought her sister Minnie and they gave me a locket which I still have. I remember how pretty Freddie looked. Mother had given her a parosol for the walk to the woods and she was so nice to the younger children. She and Allie seemed great friends. This is my most distinct memory of her and she died soon afterwards.

Because I staid out of school those two years I didn't catch up with my friend Elizabeth Grimes until we reached the Academic Department, though we were together other times. But we graduated together and were the first class in our school to finish under the Regents of the State of New York in 1882.

Father and Mother both loved the garden and the good things that came from it and yet there was a difference in their enjoyment of it. Mother was a little more practical. Perhaps it was because Father was away so much that when he was in the garden its leisure and calm gave him such great pleasure. I have so many remembrances of him on beautiful Sunday mornings, just absorbing the beauty of his surroundings; the bright sunshine, the beautiful foliage, the sound of the early church bells reaching us from Fonda, four miles away; the rumble of the trains passing up and down the Mohawk Valley; and then the nearer sound of the church bells of Johnstown, four in number, which rang and tolled in regular order. At such times Father seemed filled with content.

APPENDIX I

The Foote Coat of Arms

The genuineness of the Foote Coat of Arms has been held by the family from the first, and has come down to the present generation with the endorsement of our ancestors for 250 years.

One of the authorities is Judge Isaac Foote, first judge of Chenango County, N. Y. He was born in Colchester, Conn. 1746, died in Smyrna, N. Y. 1842. He was member of Assembly for Conn. and was for several terms member of Assembly for the State of N. Y.

His grandfather was born in Wethersfield, Conn. 1682; 31 years after the battle of Worcester, England, when King Charles II was forced to flee the country. His grandfather died in Colchester, Conn. in 1774, at the age of 96.

Judge Isaac Foote lived in Colchester until 1773, within a year of his grandfather's death, and so lived in the same town with his grandfather for 27 years. It is manifest that Judge Foote had peculiar advantages for satisfying himself as to the truth of the story. If such a man as he accepted it as genuine, as he did, we may really consider that he had good reasons for so doing.

Henry Ward Beecher believed the story of the origin of the Coat of Arms, and named his country place Boscobel, after the name of the town where the incident occurred. His maternal grandfather was a brother of Judge Isaac Foote. His biographers (his son and son-in-law, Rev. Samuel Scoville) have introduced the place of the Arms and the story into the biography.

The histories so far as known do not connect the name of Foote with the battle, nor do they mention any one being knighted for any deed performed in connection with it.

The battle of Worcester was fought Sept. 3rd, 1651.

Cromwell with 30,000 men fell upon Worcester and attacked it, meeting with little resistance. The King was obliged to fly.

He fled some 26 miles with 50 of his friends, when it was deemed wise for him to separate from his companions. He went to Boscobel, and was hidden in an oak tree which was afterward called "The Royal Oak."

The story as it has been handed down by our ancestors is that one, James Foote, father of Nathaniel Foote, the settler, an officer in the King's army, concealed the King in an oak tree, which was located in a clover field; for which act he was knighted; the distinct features of the Arms being an oak tree and a clover leaf, with the motto "Loyalty and Truth".

There is nothing in recorded history to show that one James Foote, an officer of the King's army did not do all the story claims for him, or that he was not knighted by the King for doing it, as the Foote family have always believed.

(Rev.) Lewis Ray Foote
Brooklyn, N. Y. Aug. 24, 1896.

From "Nathaniel Foote of Wethersfield, Conn. and his Descendants" by Abram W. Foote, Rutland, Vt. 1907. Page 9.

APPENDIX II

Ancestors of Angelica Van Buren and Jesse Finch Foote, through whom their descendants are eligible for Membership in the "Society of Colonial Dames." or "Sons of Colonial Wars."

1. William Brewster, 1560-1644, who drafted in the cabin of the Mayflower, the first written constitution. S.C.W. 1895. Fourth signer of the Mayflower Compact. Member and Chaplain of the first Military Company organized at Plymouth under Capt. Miles Standish, and served against the Indiams. Deputy 1636. (Sons of Colonial Wars 1903-1906)

2. Jonathan Brewster, 1593-1659. Duxbury, Mass.
   Representative, Mass. 1639 - '41, '42, '44.
   Deputy Conn. 1650, '55, '58.
   Member of Capt. Miles Standish's Duxbury Co.
   Military Commissioner, Pequot War. S.C.W. 1903-6

3. Nathaniel Foote, 1st. 1593-1644.
   Deputy to the General Court of Conn. S.C.W. 1896

4. Lieut. Robert Foote, 1629-1681.
   Lieut. Branford Train Band, 1677. S.C.W. 1896

5. Captain Joseph Foote, 1666-1751.
   Lieut. Branford Train Band, 1713. Captain 1715.
   Deputy 1714-1715. S.C.W. 1896

6. William Denison, 1586-1653.
   Deputy 1634. Member Roxbury Militia 1636
   S.C.W. 1899-1902

7. Captain George Denison, 1620-1694.
   Captain New London Co. Forces in King Phillip's War, served under Major John Mason and Major Talbot.
   Second in command to Major Robert Treat in the Great Swamp Fight.
   Served on the frontier. Captured the Indiam Chief Canonchet. Chosen with Major John Mason to assist the Pequot Chiefs to govern their tribes. Assistant and Deputy from Stonington to the General Court fifteen terms. Colony of Conn. S.C.W. 1896

8. John Denison, 1646-1698. Stonington, Conn.
   In King Phillip's War. Narragansett and other campaigns.
   S.C.W. 1899-1902

9. Captain Daniel (Wetherell), 1630-1719.
   Captain and Commissary in charge of New London depot supplies in King Phillip's War.
   Commissioner to treat with Uncas. S.C.W. 1896

10. Dr. Thomas Starr, 1616-1658.
    Surgeon of Forces sent against the Pequots.
    S.C.W. 1903-6

11. Captain Jonathan Starr, 1674-1747. Youngest son of Samuel and Hannah (Brewster) Starr. Groton, Conn.
Deputy to the General Court of Conn. 1712-1713-1714.
Member of the Governor's Council in 1711, 1712-1713, 1716.
Was called Sargeant in 1712.
Commissioned Ensign in 1715, Lieut. in 1716, and in 1727 resigned as Captain of the Militia.
From "History of the Starr Family of New England."
By Burgis Pratt Starr

12. James Morgan Sr., 1607-1685. Groton, Conn.
In Pequot War, S.C.W. 1899-1902

13. James Morgan 2nd, 1644-1711.
Captain of Dragoons of New London. 1690.
Appointed Advisor of the Pequots in Township of New London, Conn. 1694.
Deputy to Conn. General Assembly for New London 1689, 1691, 1692, 1695, 1699, for Groton, 1706.
From "Register of Colonial Dames of the State of New York,1901."

14. Martin Cornellisse Van Buren ------ 1710.
Captain of Albany County Troops, Province of New York, 1700.
Register of Colonial Dames of the State of New York, 1901.

15. Pieter Winne, 1696.
Town Major in Militia, Albany N. Y. 1689
Commissioner to treat with the Indians 1690.
Magistrate 1650. S.C.W. 1903-1906

16. Richard Bushnell, Sr., 1658.
At Saybrook Fort under Lion Gardiner, Winthrop's Garrison, Pequot War.
Married: Mary Marvin.

17. Capt. Richard Bushnell, 1652-1727. Norwich Conn.
Ensign 1693, Lieut. 1698. Capt. 1701. Deputy 1691.
Member of the Council 1703.
Commissioner in the Mason Controversy. S.C.W. 1899-1902.

Richard Bushnell, 1652-1727.
Deputy for Norwich to Connecticut General Assembly, 1691-1694, 1696-1699, 1702-1720.
Speaker of the House 1713, 1715, 1717, 1719, 1720.
Member of the Governor's Council 1703-1705. 1719-1721.
Clerk of the Connecticut General Assembly, _____ 1707.
Judge of New London County Court 1717-1719.
Lieut. of Train Band of Norwich, Conn. 1698.
(From "Register of the Colonial Dames of the State of New York, 1901)
Married: Elizabeth Adgate.

18. Dr. Caleb Bushnell, 1679-1724. Norwich, Conn.
Captain of the Train Band of Norwich, Conn. Other services.
Caulkins History of Norwich, Conn.
Married: Ann Leffignwell.

19. Lieut. Thomas Leffingwell, 1622-1710. Norwich, Conn.
Rendered important aid to Uncas when besieged by hostile Indians.
Lieut. in 1672.
In King Phillip's War, and Capt. Denison's Company.
Deputy 1661-1710. S.C.W. 1899-1902

20. Ensign Thomas Leffingwell, Jr., 1649-1724. Norwich, Conn.
Ensign Norwich, Conn. Militia.
Deputy 1716. S.C.W. 1899-1902

21. Mathew Marvin, 1600-1687.
One of Winthrop's Outposts on the Conn. 1626-1637.
Deputy 1653. S.C.W. 1899-1902.

Mary Marvin, daughter of Mathew Marvin, married Richard Bushnell, Sr. October 11, 1646. Recorded at Hartford.

Eligible to the "Society of Mayflower Descendants" in three lines through Grace and Hannah Brewster, daughters of Johathan Brewster, and granddaughters of Elder William Brewster.
Grace (Brewster) Wetherell and Hannah (Brewster) Starr.

APPENDIX III

LINES TO THE MAYFLOWER

Through Descendants of Grace and Hannah Brewster, granddaughters of (Elder) William and Mary Brewster.

Statement of Eligibility for Membership in the Society of Mayflower Descendants of the Descendants of William Darius Foote and Mary Catherine Shults of Johnstown New York.

(* marks the family lines)

BREWSTER LINE	DENISON LINE	STARR LINE
* Elder William Brewster Mary -----	William Denison Margaret -----	Dr. Comfort Starr Elizabeth -----
* Johathan Brewster Lucretia Oldham	(Capt.) George Denison Ann Borodell	Dr. Thomas Starr Rachel -----
Children: William Johathan Lucretia Mary Benjamin Elizabeth Ruth * Grace * Hannah	(Capt.) John Denison Phoebe Lay	Samuel Starr * Hannah Brewster
	George Denison 2nd * Mrs. Mary Wetherell Harris	* Thomas Starr Mary Morgan
	* Daniel Denison Rachel Starr	* Rachel Starr Daniel Denison
	* Thomas Denison Catherine Starr	
* Grace Brewster Daniel Wetherell	* Grace Denison Barent Van Buren	Dr. Comfort Starr Elizabeth -----
* Daughter Mary (Wetherell) Harris (First Marriage)	* Angelica Van Buren Jesse Finch Foote	Dr. Thomas Starr Rachel -----

APPENDIX IV

LIVING DESCENDANTS - October 1947

(of Daniel Foote)

Arthur H. Foote	Johnstown, N. Y.
Helen Foote Karg	" "

(of James Harvey Foote)

Grace Foote Dawes	Johnstown, N. Y.
Denton Foote Dawes	" "
Helen Dawes Rohrs	" "
Frederick T. "	" "
Faith Ann "	" "
Jane Sarah "	" "
Suzanne Marie "	" "
Frances Foote Sand	Hempstead, N. Y.
Grace Sand Hearn	" "
Frederick "	" "
Barbara Jane "	" "
John F. Sand	Rockville Center, N. Y.
John F. Sand Jr.	" " "
Elizabeth C. Sand	" " "

(of William Darius Foote)

Harriet Foote McMartin	Johnstown, N. Y.
D. Malcolm McMartin, M.D.	" "
Barbara Ann McMartin	" "
Patricia Louise "	" "
Daniel Elwyn "	" "
Marion F. Dillinback	Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Mildred Dillinback King	Johnstown, N. Y.
Lawrence Hilo "	" "
Edith Bryant Bullis	Cincinnatti, Ohio
William Murray Bullis	" "
Catherine Bryant Rowles	Johnstown, N. Y.
Marjorie Brewster Rowles	" "
Harwood Sims Rowles, Jr.	" "
Marjorie Bryant Magee	West Topsham, Vt.

(of Orrilla Foote Thomas)

Richard Vosburgh	California
Robert "	Cornwall-on-the Hudson, N. Y.
Irving McFalls	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Robert Dollar McFalls	" "

(of Mary Foote Thomas)

Harold Thomas	Gloversville, N. Y.
Allen "	" "

(of Sarah Foote Hoyt)

Margaret Scott Moon	So. Woodstock, Vt.
Eleanor Scott Guches	Wayne, Pa.
Mary Edith Guches	" "
Margaret Scott Guches	" "
Jessie Hoyt	New York City, N. Y.
Sarah Hoyt	" " "
Frances Hoyt Hardy	Dallas, Texas
Elizabeth Hardy Titterud	Houston, Texas
Marian Hardy	Ft. Worth, Texas
Philip Hoyt Hardy	Warren, Ohio
William King Hoyt	Winston-Salem, N. C.
William King Hoyt, Jr.	" " "
James Hoyt	Los Angeles, California
James Hoyt, Jr.	" "
Nancy Lee Hoyt	" "
Edward H. Hoyt	Glendale, California
Peggy Marie Hoyt	" "
Shirley Ann Hoyt	" "

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